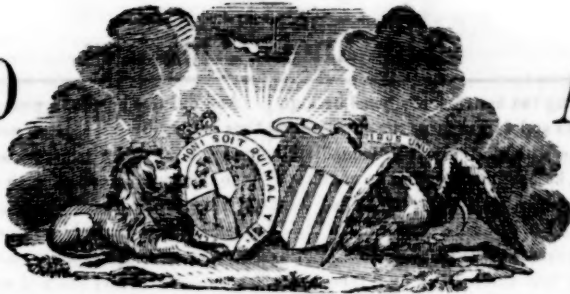


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E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1846.

VOL. 6. No 18

A THRENODY ON THE APPROACHING DEMISE OF
OLD MOTHER CORN-LAW.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

I see, I see—it is coming fast,
Our dear old corn-law's doom is cast!
That ancient lady, of high degree,
Is as near her end as she well can be;
And much will all vulgar eaters of bread
Rejoice, when they see her fairly dead:
For never, from ancient Medea* down
To the late Mrs. Brownrigg, of bad renown,
Has any old dame been known, they aver,
Who could starve and carve poor folks, like her.
But, dear old damsel, they wrong her sadly,
'Twas all by law she behaved so badly;
And God forbid, what'er the event,
That free born Britons should e'er repent
Wrongs done by act of parliament.
But is it indeed then come to this,
After all our course of high-bread bliss?
Poor, dear old corn law! prop of peers,
And glory of squires, through countless years,
Must all thy structure of pounds and pence,
Like another Babylon, vanish hence!
Must towering prices and rents sublime
Thus topple, like turrets touch'd by time—
And all, for what? that each shirtless oaf
May bolt, for breakfast, a larger loaf!
For this one vulgar purpose alone
Is all this inelegant mischief done.
For this poor Knatchbull—hard privation—
Must lower a peg his "social station!"
For this, even lords (distressing thought)
Will soon to short commons all be brought:
Will fall with their wheat so much per quarter,
And get to look blue as Bucky's garter.
And stars will grow pale as prices fall,
And fees in tail will be cut off for sale,
And all will sink by a sliding scale,—
As "slips o'er its slime the sleek slug-snail,"†
Nor leave one corn-lord high and hale,
Though they flourish now, to tell the tale!

* This lady, as is well known, was in the agricultural line.

† A line borrowed, with but little alteration, from one of the Lake poets, the original being as follows:—

"Slow sliding o'er its slime, the slippery sleek slug-snail."

THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

EDWARD II., SURNAMED "OF CAERNARVON."—No. I.

"Quemque sua male cogitationes conscientieque animi terrent."—CICERO.

What horrid shrieks are heard, from yonder castle! The heart sinks with dread as the sounds assail the ears. Some one in mortal agony with more than usual pains of death. Again, and yet again, with increased force, whilst groans are mixed with indistinct exclamations. The lone and midnight watcher shudders as he listens, and seems transfixed with fear and amazement. Even the half-slumbering inhabitants of the neighbouring village are roused by the cries, and creep down in their beds to shut out the awful screams which too surely denote a dreadful crisis. They still increase,—they are now heard in fitful intervals,—they cease,—the struggle is over,—the sufferer is either relieved, or for ever released. What can this mean!

It means that a royal crown cannot give its wearer immunities from the vicissitudes of life, nor can its wearer be endowed with the privilege of trampling at his pleasure on the rights of mankind with impunity, be they even his own subjects and he ever so absolute. Those sounds indicate the death of an insensate monarch who, for twenty years, had set at nought all ties of prince and people, all laws of right and equity, and had become a reproach to civil government, a pest to society, no less a knave than a fool. But the hour of retribution has arrived, and, for the evils of but a short life, yet filled with events of the most mischievous and distressing nature, its end is one at which the heart recoils, and which none but the most barbarous and hardened spirit could witness, much more execute.

Edward of Caernarvon, the second Edward of the race of Plantagenet, the first English prince of Wales, the monarch who almost was, and certainly could have been, the first King of Great Britain, the husband of one who, but for the doubtful force of the Salique law, might have rendered his issue Kings of France, the King of England who came to the throne of his ancestors with every prestige of a glorious and a happy reign,—this Edward is the wretched

victim of the barbarity which induced those woful cries, terminating only with the life of the wretched sufferer. His death perhaps no worse than he deserved at the fiat of an offended and omniscient God, but altogether indefensible as perpetrated by the remorseless and cruel assassins, upon whom also a just retribution must surely fall.

Let us look into the heart of this wretched Plantagenet; let us enter within the walls of Berkley Castle and witness the "Last days" of this weakest and meanest of that race. Alas! He has ample leisure for the retrospect of an ill-spent life, and self-upbraiding and bitter repentance ought to spring from his recollections; though it is more than doubtful whether such *did* result, for Edward was weak and selfish, and men of such a character are far more apt to bewail their destiny, to accuse those around them, and to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, than to weigh their own hearts, and discover their own faults.

It is certain that mind is not derived from Parentage; the history of the Angevine race of English Kings gives ample proof of this. Henry II. who commenced the series was both wise and brave, but his son Richard I. was only distinguished for prowess and a romantic disposition, and his other son John was a compound of every evil quality, with scarcely any thing to redeem the character except that he was not imbecile. Henry III. indeed was weak almost to fatuity, yet he was not an insensate who "daffing the world aside" would sacrifice all public and private interests in order to lavish favors on unworthy favourites; and he was the father of a son who was destined to restore and to augment all the glories of his race. But the unhappy prince, the subject of the present remarks, was deficient in every ennobling quality of mind or of intellect; he lived to be despised, not hated, to be spurned from the throne of his ancestors with universal contempt, and his death was only deplored from the atrocity of the means employed in effecting it. Wretched prince, we will enter with thee into those retrospections which thy prison, far from being able to shut out, invites, admits, and forces on thy brain; which would turn the brain of a more vigorous culprit, but which, unhappily for thee, produce no effects on thee than tears, complaints, and all the unmanly weakness which attaches to so degenerate a mind as thine.

It was the great misfortune of Edward of Caernarvon, that he was born in an age when "The Theory of Education" was beyond the comprehension of those who lived in it, or else perhaps treated with contempt by those who valued no glories but those of war, no virtues save that of valour, no amenities except the romantic defence of woman. They little recked of the important truth "evil communications corrupt good manners," for that precept was to be found in a book of which they knew little, and consulted less, and which was left to the charge of "shaveling monks," who preferred turning over its leaves to the handling of the glaive, or listening to its words rather than the sounds of the spirit stirring trumpet. It is probable that the life, actions, and deplorable end of this prince were all direct results of the one false step of giving him a bad companion for his youth.

Piers Gaveston was a Gascon youth whose father, a man of knightly rank, had rendered good service to Edward Longshanks during the wars of the latter in Guienne and other parts of France. In reward of those services the King determined to protect and promote the fortunes of young Gaveston, brought him to the English court, allowed him all the masters and means of education possessed by his own son, the prince of Wales, and forthwith the two youths became inseparable friends. Gaveston was the elder of the two, and had already mastered many of the accomplishments of his native district,—the most polished and the most dissolute in France.

The weakest minds are always the most apt to indulge in favouritism, and young Edward was a memorable example of this. He became extravagantly fond of Gaveston, gave to him profusely all that he could procure, imitated his follies and his vices, aided in sheltering him from the consequences of his insolence and hauteur, and devoted himself so entirely to the minion of his extravagant regard, that at length the nobles, jealous of the absorbing interest of a foreign adventurer in the heart of their future King, publicly protested against his pernicious influence, and demanded his banishment from the court and the Kingdom. It was not difficult to find a specific cause of complaint. The prince was unscrupulous in drawing from the public treasury to any amount which the capricious wants of the favourite or the unbounded profusion of the royal friend might require; but at length the Treasurer, Walter de Langton, remonstrated against it, refused to grant the prince's demands, and finally became the mouth-piece of the Barons in their very reasonable complaint and demand.

The King, whose character for justice was generally remarkable, perceived the full propriety of the complaint, and promptly complied. He called young Gaveston into his presence, bitterly reproached him with his follies and evil

conduct, alluded to his ingratitude, in repaying the benefits bestowed by a generous sovereign, by perverting the principles and depreciating the character of the prince; and after requiring from him an oath that he would immediately quit the Kingdom and never return to it, he bestowed on him an annuity of one hundred marks. The King next turned to the prince and demanded from him a solemn oath that he would never recall the favourite.

The prince was now in his twenty-third year; the valiant Edward, his father, was sinking in strength, approaching the allotted age of "three score years and ten," but though bowed with infirmities, the result of extraordinary activity during more than half a century, his heart was alert as ever, and his resolution to conquer Scotland was indomitable. It skills not here again to describe the closing scenes of the valorous monarch's life, nor the solemn injunction which he laid upon his son, but rather to turn and observe how that recreant son acted with regard to his father's last and solemn behest.

With bounding and exulting heart the prince, now become King Edward II., felt himself as he believed released from all authority, and uncontrolled master of his own actions. No joy had he in being the chief commander of a powerful army ready to pour itself over broad Scotland, no ambition had he to accomplish a conquest which would make him the most powerful monarch of his day; he thought but of the favourite whose absence had been continually a misery to him, and of the vengeance which he would pour on the devoted head of the man through whom the minion had been torn from him.

And what a position was now that of Edward of Caernarvon! The only son of a King revered for his wisdom, honored for his valor, respected for his private virtues, and whose only fault was one in which his nobles fully shared, consequently one which they could neither perceive nor understand—ambition; himself young, in the flower of health and strength, master of all courtly accomplishments, at the head of a powerful army, already within sight of the battle fields where victory was all but certain, hailed by both the barons and the people with unanimous voices, what stimulus more could be wanting to the young King, to urge him to a glorious career both as a general and as a ruler? But degeneracy lay at the root of this unhappy prince's character; he could make oaths, solemn and serious oaths, at the death-bed of a parent, and without emotion, with the full and settled determination to violate them all; he could make protestations and promises to the bold barons who were in fact his strength, yet secretly laughing at his own duplicity and the credulity which was so easily imposed upon, and at the hopes which he was so speedily to dissipate.

But short was the period of that credulity; and when once undeceived the profligate Edward never more could hoodwink the sagacity of the frank, insulted, and bold warriors of whom his nobles were composed. Edward gave orders to raise the camp, but it was not to proceed forward on the expedition directed by his brave father; it was not to carry that father's bones in terror against the enemy; but, in direct violation of the solemn oath, the echoes of which had yet hardly ceased to vibrate on the ear; it was to make a personal retreat, with the exception of a small force left behind, rather to maraud than to conquer; and instead of even interring, with pious and filial reverence, the remains of his King and parent, according to due honour, and to the duty arising from the living to the dead, the royal corpse was carried from place to place and at length tardily deposited in the tomb at Westminster, nearly four months after decease.

There were, however, two passions absolutely raging within the breast of Edward, neither of which had its foundation on any noble ground, and both of which he cherished with a tenacity worthy of better causes. His passionate devotion "passing the love of woman" towards Gaveston, whom he instantly and strongly urged to return to him, was the supreme feeling, but well seconded by desire and determination of destroying the Bishop of Hereford, Langton, who had been the active minister in the favourite's disgrace. His eagerness knew no bounds with regard to the former, and so anxious was he to begin his lavish favours, that before the arrival of Gaveston he had devised for him abundant wealth and the highest honors. The restored minion knew well with whom he had to deal, and was so eager to return that he actually arrived at Edward's camp before the young King had left Scotland. He was hailed Earl of Cornwall, the very title which Edward's granduncle Richard, the richest man in Europe, held in the reign of Henry III., a title which is now an hereditary one of the monarchs of England. Nor was this all, estates and honors were showered upon the adventurer, to a degree which enabled him to eclipse in splendor and magnificence the proudest baron of the Kingdom. The very money which the piety of Edward's father had devoted to the Crusade, was diverted from its purpose and given to swell the extravagance of the favorite.

Gaveston knew his position, he knew also his power over the mind of Edward; his first care, therefore, was to be avenged on his enemies, and his next to fortify himself against future opposition. By his advice and persuasion all the wise ministers of the late King were dismissed from their offices; offences and complaints were trumped up against them, fines and penalties were arbitrarily sentenced upon them, in many cases levied, and imprisonment awaited a refusal of compliance. Here were fresh mines of wealth to Gaveston, to whom the King would have given his very soul had it been capable of transfer, to whom he did give in marriage his own niece, and to whom, as he expressly declared, he would have bequeathed his dominions had such a bequest been in his power. The spirited Walter de Langley, who had the courage to refuse contributing to the extravagance and unlawful squandering of the public treasure, he became an especial object of vengeance; his temporalities were taken from him, heavy fines were levied on him, and although a Bishop of a Church then all-powerful, he was imprisoned and treated with every indignity.

And did this headlong young monarch never pause to consider the course he thus so madly run? Did not the history of the weak or wicked of his own predecessors never arrest his attention and demand a pause and a consideration as to the possible end of such a career? Surely the insolence and rapacity of the Free Lances, as the mercenary troops were called, in the days of his great-grandfather John, and the almost total loss of the English dominion to his family, through the introduction of French forces, might sometimes be recalled to his recollection; or the still more recent affairs in the reign of his grandfather Henry III.—a prince much like himself—in which English interests were altogether sacrificed to the never-satisfied rapacity of Gascon and other foreigners, and which brought upon him so many restless and unhappy years, might be warnings to him to be careful against a too lavish hand to foreigners, at the expense of native subjects. But no, Gaveston was his idol, as it were to monomania, and he cared not for obstacle, to the worship and exaltation of one so disgracefully loved.

It is no very improbable conjecture that the shyness and even aversion at first of the English to foreigners, may have its origin in their sufferings during the early part of the Norman rule and influence in England. The Normans were greatly encouraged to come into England in the reign of the Confessor, and they received such honours, emoluments, and power, that the pure Saxon nobility were indignant, and more than once compelled the intruders to quit the land. The Norman conquest ensued not long after, and then the country was overrun by foreign locusts who eat up "all the fat of the land," seizing and enjoying, whilst the rightful owners had but a precarious existence and no property. The introduction of French and Flemish in succeeding reigns served but to increase and deepen the root of hatred against foreigners, and the feeling and expression would remain for generations after the actual evil was gradually abolished. At the close even of the eighteenth century it still existed in no small force, and the prejudiced notions that France is the hereditary enemy of England, and that foreigners are a kind of locusts in the land, are not yet extinct—This, however, is a digression.

But the seed of that dreadful retribution, which an inscrutable Providence had planted some years before, had now germinated, and the blade was beginning to spring upwards. Edward Longshanks had betrothed his son, when yet a child, to Isabella a daughter of the Royal house of France, and Edward of Caernarvon deemed it expedient to confirm that betrothal, in after years. That Isabella was ultimately the instrument of his fate, a fate which avenged all the injuries committed by him in his disgraceful reign, although foul was the weapon of retribution. He married the French princess, from political reasons, but was cold, stately, devoid of any appearance of affection, from the very first; his soul was in England with the favorite, and days lengthened out into weeks until the latter should be once more in his presence. The infatuation, and the contrast in his deportment towards Gaveston as compared with that towards the new Queen, disgusted and mortified her. His temporary absence from the Gascon, seemed to have given additional strength to his excessive regards for him, and honours and distinctions were so poured upon him, that the Barons could not forbear their expostulations. They again demanded his absence from the realm, and their indignation was the rather excited because that Gaveston, besides his overwhelming influence, had been the conqueror in the martial exercises of the time, in which the nobles chiefly prided themselves.

Gaveston, who like his imbecile master, was as unscrupulous at an oath, as he was in breaking it, sailed with the temporary stream at the moment opposed to him, and upon being appointed by the King to the government of Ireland, swore never to return to England, and with hypocritical meekness listened to the denunciations of excommunication uttered as consequent on his return, by Prelates of the Holy Church, whilst he laughed in his sleeve at the threat.

Well did Gaveston know that his royal master would be miserable without him, and joyfully did he anticipate that during a short period of nominal exile, he would have ample opportunity as Governor of Ireland to increase his wealth. He remained there upwards of a year, however, and it is but justice to record of him that he deported himself well, fought bravely, and put down a serious insurrection there. Indeed it is not improbable that he found more satisfaction in useful employment than in the continuous frivolities of the English court of which he had partaken to satiety. But Edward languished and fretted at the absence of his idol, yet dared not to oppose himself directly to the proud barons in the very face of a solemn oath publicly made. He bethought him, therefore, of propitiating the nobles in Gaveston's absence, though without bringing him and his affairs to their notice. Accordingly he gave to his cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, the office of hereditary High Steward, and to the powerful Earl de Warren, the Earl of Lincoln, and others, various gifts and grants, which were gratifying to their avarice, pleasing to their vanity, and soothing to their haughty and irritable dispositions. These had their effect, and when Gaveston had been so long absent that the sting on their feelings had become somewhat blunted, the King proposed sending for him to assist at a solemn tournament, to which they made no opposition, and the favorite was permitted once more to establish himself at court.

It must be confessed that in those iron days the wit, even of a court, was more poignant than delicately turned, and that repartee and jest were too often personal; but whilst the mail-clad warriors would forgive or retort upon each other, as equals in rank and members of mutual alliances might do, they were ready enough to resent such presumptions when offered by an inferior, or one whom they held in slight esteem. Gaveston was one of these, and in the recklessness of one who basks in the sunshine of Royal favor he was continually adding to the amount of insult committed upon the barons, without deeming of

a possible retribution. He had the temerity to attack the most powerful amongst them, by openly laughing at them and endeavouring to attach to them nicknames and sobriquets; such for instance as "the stage player," or "the old hog" to the princely Lancaster, "Joseph the Jew" to the powerful Pembroke, "the Cuckold's Bird" to the Earl of Gloucester, and "The Black Dog" or sometimes "The Black Dog of Ardenne" to the Earl of Warwick. But, as the favorite could neither do nor say amies, these sallies did but delight the reckless King, who was but too happy to repeat those witty expressions; they travelled, therefore, fast and far reaching the ears of the offended subjects of his insolence, and inflicting wounds which rankled, festered, and required a bloody cure.

Amongst others who felt injured by this adventurer's absorbing influence was the Queen Isabel. Edward had from the first slighted this princess, although the nuptial treaty had been fulfilled voluntarily, and although to do honour to it there had been no fewer than four Kings and three Queens present at the marriage solemnity. Little of the King's society was bestowed on his consort, that was engrossed by the favorite; no gift, office, or favor could be obtained from the King by his consort, they were engrossed by the friends of the favorite; disgusted and indignant at such conduct in her husband, the humbled and slighted candidate for an affection which was blindly and lavishly cast on a profligate minion, complained to her father, and symptoms of enmity were beginning to take the place of destroyed and uprooted affection, in the heart of the neglected Isabel.

Yet, strange it is to reflect back upon, the indignation of the Barons did not move them to actual insurrection. This worse than John, this worse than Henry was every day galling them, cheating, deceiving and insulting them, yet up to this time they proceeded no farther than, first to refuse their attendance in Parliament, and afterwards to the appointment of a Committee of Peers, temporal and spiritual, to be "Ordnainers, or Directors," in order to reform the State and to circumscribe the royal expenses.

It has been correctly remarked by many writers, that the nobility of England, in all ages have been the most loyal and the least factious of any of the class in any part of the world. The remark applies still, but in no greater degree than in the age at present under consideration, as is manifested in the numerous remonstrances before final appeal was made to arms, although the Barons were *ipso facto* feudal princes on their immense estates, and could not only combine together, but bring numerous vassals into the field, bound to obey the orders of their Lords. But the descendants of the conquerors at Hastings had suffered their political conduct to pass into a maxim,—that they would sustain the monarch on the throne won by Norman arms, against any possible mischance which might shake the Norman stability, and though Norman and Saxon had now very nearly merged into one nation, yet then as now, habit continued though motive had passed away. Besides this the barons of Edward II. had recollections of how nearly fatal to their liberties had been the insurrection of their ancestors in the time of John, through their call for the assistance of the Dauphin of France; and to crown all, the reign of Edward's great predecessor, Longshanks, had been so glorious in itself, and so much to the taste of those warrior Lords that, rude as they were in their manners, they had compunctious visitings whenever they bethought them of harsh measures against his degenerate son.

THE BARON'S YULE FEAST,

A Christmas Rhyme. By THOMAS COOPER, the Chartist. Jeremiah How.

The ruins of Torksey-hall, on the Trent, attracted the author's notice and admiration as a boy, and led him to search curiously those records which told of days when it towered in pride over the surrounding country, and to embody in rhyme the fugitive notices he caught of a feudal age. These ballads he has set in a framework, which exhibits with much ingenuity a poetic description of Christmas as kept in a baronial castle of old, when the lord of a domain collected his retainers of all degrees round the yule log in his noble hall, and feasted them without stint. The opening stanzas, in the style of Scott, are very good of their kind:—

Right beautiful is Torksey's hall,
Adown by meadowed Trent;
Right beautiful that mouldering wall,
And remnant of a turret tall,
Shorn of its battlement.
For, while the children of the Spring
Blush into life, and die;
And Summer's joy-birds take light wing
When Autumn mists are nigh;
And soon the year—a winterling—
With its fall'n leaves doth lie;
That ruin gray—
Mirror'd, alway,
Deep in the silver stream,
Doth summon weird-wrought visions vast,
That show the actors of the past
Pictured, as in a dream.
Meseemeth, now, before mine eyes,
The pomp-clad phantoms dimly rise,
Till the full-pageant bright—
A throng of warrior-barons hold,
Glittering in burnished steel and gold,
Bursts on my glowing sight.
And, mingles with the martial train,
Full many a fair-tressed beauty vain,
Or palfrey and jennet—

* The Kings of Franco, Navarre, the Romans, and Sicily; and the Queens of France, Navarre, and the Dowager Queen of England.

That proudly toss the tasselled rein,
And daintily curvet;
And war steeds prance,
And rich plumes glance
On helm and burgonet;
And lances crash,
And falchions flash
Of knights in tourney met.
Fast fades the joust!—and fierce forms frown
That man the leaguered tower,—
Nor quail to scan the kingly crown
That leads the leaguering power.
Trumpet and "rescue" ring!—and, soon,
He who began the strife
Is fain to crave one paltry boon:—
The thrall-king begs his life!
Our fathers and their throbbing toil
Are hushed in pulseless death;
Hushed is the dire and deadly broil—
The tempest of their wrath;
Yet, of their deeds not all for spoil
Is thine, O sateless Grave!
Songs of their brother hours shall foil
Thy triumph o'er the grave!

These descriptive lines are followed by the introduction of the lord of the castle and his fair daughter:

Sir Wilfrid de Thorold freely ho'ds
What his stout sires held before—
Broad lands for plough, and fruitful folds—
Though by gold he sets no store;
And he saith, from fen and woodland wolds,
From marish, heath, and moor,—
To feast in his hall,
Both free and thrall,
Shall come as they came of yore.
Then, turning to his daughter fair,
Who leaned on her father's carved chair,—
He said,—and smiled
On his peerless child,—
His jewel whose price no clerk could tell,
Though the clerk had told
Sea sands for gold;—
For her dear mother's sake he loved her well,—
But more for the balm her tenderness
Had poured on his widowed heart's distress;—
More, still more, for her own heart's grace
That so lovelily shone in her lovely face,
And drew all eyes its love to trace—
Left all tongues languageless!
He said,—and smiled
On his peerless child,—
"Sweet bird! bid Hugh our seneschal
Send to saint Leonard's, ere even-fall,
A fat fed beeve, and a two-shear sheep,
With a firkin of ale that a monk in his sleep,
May hear to hum, when it feels the brooch,
And wake up and swig, without reproach.—
And the nuns of the Fosse—for wassail-bread—
Let them have wheat, both white and red;
And a runlet of mead, with a jug of the wine
Which the merchant man vowed he had brought from the
Rhine;
And bid Hugh say that their bells must ring
A peal loud and long,
While we chaunt heart song,
For the birth of our heavenly king!"

The invitation to the vassals goes forth, to meet in their lord's hall, and thither they troop with song and merriment:—

"The gray old ash that so bravely stood,
The pride of the past in Thorney-wood,
They have levelled in honour of welcome yule."

The revelry of the feast is at its height when a stranger minstrel is announced, whose presence makes the cheek of the baron's fair daughter turn white and red alternately. He is aiding to "carol a legend of old," and when a ring is formed he tunes his harp, and sings how the bold Knight Romara, loved Agnes Plantagenet, is entrapped by her cruel father, and dies in hard bondage. In this ballad there are passages of much beauty, as that, for instance, describing the lovers' meeting beneath the shadows of Plantagenet's castle:—

His plume-crowned helm the warrior bows
Low o'er her shoulder fair,
And bursting sighs the grief disclose
His lips can not declare;
And swiftly glide the tears of love
Adown the lady's cheek;—
Their deep commingling sorrow prove
The love they cannot speak!

The moon shines on them, as on things
She loves to robe with gladness,—
But all her light no radiance brings
Unto their hearts' dark sadness:
Forlornly, 'neath her cheerless ray,—
Bosom to bosom beating —
In speechless agony they stay,
With burning kisses greeting:—
Nor reck they with what speed doth haste
The present hour to join the past.

When the stranger ceases his strain, the ruder minstrels of the party are called on for songs or ballads, and in this way the author introduces the fragments which he composed at an earlier period. These are of unequal merit, some of them having little claim to originality. The story of "The Miller of

Roche," for instance, may be found in Boccaccio, and has frequently been brought forward on the stage, though we can well believe that the author rendered it into verse under the impression that it was a Lancashire legend. One of the best of the songs we extract :—

THE WOODMAN'S LOVE SONG.

Along the meads a simple maid
One summer's day a musing strayed,
And, as the cowslips sweet she pressed,
The burthen to the breeze confessed—
I fear that I'm in love!

For, ever since so playfully
Young Robin trod this path with me,
I always feel more happy here
Than ever I have felt elsewhere :—
I fear that I'm in love!

And ever since young Robin talked
So sweetly, while alone we walked,
Of truth, and faith, and constancy,
I've wished he always walked with me :—
I fear that I'm in love!

And, ever since that pleasing night
When, 'neath the lady moon's fair light,
He asked my hand, but asked in vain,
I've wished he'd walk, and ask again :—
I fear that I'm in love!

And yet, I greatly fear, alas!
'That wish will ne'er be brought to pass!—
What else to fear I cannot tell :—
I hope that all will yet be well—
But, surely, I'm in love.

The stranger sings again, but his strain becomes more ardent and passionate when he breathes his "Farewell." Hardly had he finished before shrieks of danger are heard from without. The old ferry-man of the Trent has been upset by the storm, and the baron, fearing for the life of his faithful servant, promises a rich guerdon to him who shall save the drowning man :—

"Help, one,—help all!" the Baron cries;
"Whatever boon he craves,

I swear, by Christ, that man shall win,
My ferryman who saves!"—

Out rush the guests: but one was forth
Who heard no word of boon :—
His manly heart to deeds of worth
Needed no clarion.

He dashed into the surging Trent—
Nor feared the hurricane;
And, ere the breath of life was spent,
He seized the drowning man.—

"What is thy boon?" said Torksey's lord,—
But his cheek was deadly pale;
"Tell forth thy heart,—and to keep his word
De Thorold will not fail."—

"I rushed to save my brother man,
And not to win thy boon :—
My just desert had been Heaven's ban—
If thus I had not done!"

Thus spake the minstrel, when the hall
The Baron's guests had gained:
And, now, De Thorold's noble soul
Spoke out, all unrestrained.

"Then for thy own heart's nobleness
Tell forth thy boon," he said;
"Before thou tell'st thy thought, I guess
What wish doth it pervade."—

"Sweet Edith, his true, plighted love,
Romara asks of thee!
What though my kindred with thee strove,
And wrought thee misery!

"Our Lord, for whom we keep this day,
When nailed upon the tree;
Did he foredoom his foes, or pray
That they might pardoned be?"

"Son of my ancient foe!" replied
The Baron to the youth,—

"I glad me that my ireful pride
Already bows to truth:

"Deep zeal to save our brother man—
Generous self-sacrifice
For other's weal—is nobler than
All blood-stained victories!

"Take thy fair boon!—for thou hast spoiled
Death—greedy Death—of prey—
This poor man who for me hath toiled
Full many a stormy day!"

The volume without any great pretensions to originality, displays much of the true spirit of romantic poetry. There is nothing in it, indeed, that will compare with the finest passages of Scott, though it bears a general resemblance to the style of "The Lay." But there is a rough earnestness both in its thoughts and verse which is strictly in accordance with the genius of our ballad minstrelsy. If it does not show, in point of ability, an advance on the author's previous productions, it yet shows that he can change his hand without loss of power. The occasion of its issue, and the explanation that great part of it was written in early life, would have been a sufficient excuse for an inferior work. Mr. Cooper appears at present to be only feeling his way. The instinctive tact of self knowledge which usually accompanies superior faculties of mind will doubtless, in the end lead him to that style of writing which offers the freest scope for his talents, and is most likely to lead him to the produc-

tion of original and meritorious works. We hope he may not be tempted or forced into the error of rapid issues. He has yet much to learn. "The Yule Feast" is positively pleasing; yet a few more volumes equally slight, and equally destitute of sustained interest, would do more to weaken the reputation the author has gained than all the adverse criticisms that gall could pen.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC, &c. &c.

By JOHN COULTER, M.D., late Surgeon on board the "Stratford." Pp. 290
Dublin, Curry; London, Longmans; Edinburgh, Frazer.

We used to laugh at the story of the Dutch skipper, who was found desperately puzzled over a Mercator's chart of the world, vainly endeavouring to make out the sailing longitudes and latitudes which should conduct him to the actual geographical position of Robinson Crusoe's Island; but we are not without some misgivings that, though the islands which stud the Pacific Ocean mentioned in this volume certainly do exist, the author, having got us to visit them in his company, is playing the Crusoe with us in his descriptions and adventures. Upon the whole, we are inclined to believe that there is a Royal College of Surgeons, that there is or was a ship called the Stratford, that it traded in the Pacific between 1832 and 1836, that there was and is a Doctor Coulter, that he was surgeon of the vessel aforesaid, that he has written this book, that William Curry, jun., of Dublin, is an actually existing publisher, having business transactions with other equally existing publishers in London and Edinburgh, viz. "Longmans, Brown, and Co.," and "Frazer and Co.," and finally, that we have the work before us to review.

Whether all that it relates is true or not, we will not take upon us to determine; but, if a coloured *jeu d'esprit*, we may safely say of it that it bears strong marks of verisimilitude, and is exceedingly entertaining.

"During the voyage (observes the Doctor) and at such distant places, a variety of incidents must necessarily occur—some comic, some deeply tragic. A few of those I now give to the reader, reserving others for future purposes. Being strictly authentic, the senior reader may feel an interest in them, and the junior be amused by the shooting, fishing, and sailing excursions, with the exploring rambles on uninhabited islands."

To arrive at these, we at once cross the equator, touch at the Falkland, double Cape Horn, call at Chili, leave curious matter at the Gallapagos, sail over the whales killed, and pause at Chatam Island. Here the Stratford anchors for a season to refresh its crew, and the doctor seizes the opportunity to take a solitary ramble round and all over to explore it.

"As the island was uninhabited, and no grog shops or other temptations for the men, they could really enjoy themselves, and otherwise recruit their strength. Only for a feeling of debility that was beginning to creep through the crew, they were otherwise well, and three or four weeks stay here would do all. The only thing required to be brought from the ship was biscuit, as everything else was in abundance on shore. Fine green turtle came in on the beach at night, and with a little row and fun in watching for and turning them, were easily taken; then the wild ducks on the lagoons, and plenty of large doves on the land, were easily knocked down by a man throwing a stick among them; the terrapin, or elephant tortoise, of from two to four hundred pounds weight; plenty of fine fish close in to the rocks; whole beds of very high strong mint, with other herbs in great variety; all those with many others, afforded the men a great treat, particularly when taken by themselves, and used on shore. There were plenty of large hair seal in all directions on the beaches and rocks, whose skins made moccasins for every one in the ship; and to complete the comforts of this encampment, fine fresh water was obtained by digging down about fourteen feet. All round this end of the island the woods extended to nearly the beach and rocks, and in some instances overhung the water: it was a rich sight."

The Doctor's adventures in perambulating this spot are, as we have hinted, quite of a Robinson Crusoe character—*ex. gr.*:

"There were a great many prickly pear trees growing in the elevated mounds in the valley; these fruit had externally the appearance of an immense brown plum, the inside the exact taste of a gooseberry; this was very refreshing to me. There were a great many splendid hawks hovering about; they were frequently some annoyance to me; when I killed either a goat or a terrapin for food, they would hover round, screaming and making all sorts of noise, and sometimes seemed to think that I actually came there to butcher for them, for they would light on the ground and hop around me, sometimes would even jump on the carcass, have the impudence to look me straight in the face, and grapple the meat in their claws, and pull for the half with me; matters between us went so far that I was obliged to provide myself with a long stick, and knock them down as they came too close. They were immense and powerful birds, more like eagles than hawks. I fired a few shots among them, but they paid no attention to it, did not seem to fear the gun or its effects, and tormented me as much as ever, so that at last I was obliged to compromise matters by killing something and leaving it with them; then when the chief body of them were engaged, I would start off and transact business for myself."

About noon, while wandering about where I had a view of the beach for some distance, I caught sight of a huge seal waddling up out of the water about a quarter of a mile off. I took my gun and a long pole inside the mangrove bushes which fringed the beach along, and when a-breast of the animal, I could plainly see that he was a gigantic hair seal, apparently sick, moving slowly and in pain, bellowing out occasionally like a bull. He was rather too formidable to attack rashly, so I patiently watched him for nearly an hour. I may here mention, that the seal cannot quickly turn, so you may keep close by his side, and finish him either with a long knife, sharp axe, or heavy pole; but be careful to watch his turning on you. He was evidently very ill, and greatly exhausted, and at last lay down high up on the beach, near the bushes. Now a sick patient could not have fallen into better hands than a doctor's, so I went stealthily up close to him, and sent two leaden pills from both barrels right through his head; he roused up at this treatment, and though unconscious of any thing, floundered about, and rolled down the beach so much, that I was afraid of losing him. I now hit him with my two-handed club several times about the head, which, with a plunge of my knife into his chest, finished the scuffle: he was not more than ten or twelve feet from the water's edge when he died. I had now time to examine my prize: he was an immense fellow, with an unusually thick hide, just what I wanted, and was so anxious about. My mind was now quite at ease; as to my worn-out shoes I had now laying before me what would afford strong moccasins for a year, if I required them so long. I now saw the cause of his illness; he had a large old wound in the left side, and most probably came up on the beach to die, as seals frequently do; he appeared to be as much alone as I was, for there were none others any where in sight. With great trouble, and continually sharpening my knife, I managed to cut through the thick hide, and get off as much as was requisite for three or

four pair of moccasins. Underneath there was a thick covering of blubber, which would make a great deal of oil. I next laid the piece of skin over a smooth rock to dry, and rubbed it well with fine sand, which made it as smooth and soft as a glove. After a few hours' exposure to the sun and sand, all the moisture was removed, and it was prepared. The manufacture of the moccasin was simple: all I had to do was to spread out the skin, place my foot upon it, and cut it of an oval shape, about four inches all round from the foot, then place it on a log of wood, and with the point of the knife make a range of holes all round near the edge, then a thong off the hide to reeve through the holes would serve as a drawing-string, and it was complete. In putting it on, put the foot on the hairy side, as it is always the inside; then draw the thongs comfortably tight round the ankle, and make fast. This simple contrivance gives a perfect protection to the foot, and is much more to the purpose than the tight, high-heeled article that my bootmaker or shoemaker could give at home, for believe me, that ranging through woods, and over broken ground and rocks, is quite a different thing from walking on macadamised roads and flagged foot ways."

Amusing as the whole account of Chatham is, we are tempted from it by the still more amusing descriptions of the Marquesas and the Doctor's whimsical position among the natives. The vessel having anchored to trade off the large island of Hivooa, or Santa Dominica, our friend's irresistible curiosity induced him, in spite of all risks, to have a ramble, and so become better acquainted with the interior and the people. That it got him into a scrape, the following selections will shew, whilst at the same time they exhibit the character of his new associates. To begin:

"That these islanders are cannibals is most certain. They deny it to many visitors; but when you remain on shore with them, it soon comes out, for in excursions even a mile or two inland, if you go into any of the houses, you cannot fail to observe human bones that very recently were in the oven. They then will tell you it was an enemy, and not improbably exhibit to you some other part of the body not yet touched. They never eat a friend, or a body which has died of disease; but always the fallen enemy is sure to be so served, if they can get hold of him. In fight, whenever a man falls, there is a rush of his friends to save the body dead or alive, from the enemy for the trophy. And if the man should not be already dead, both he, and perhaps several others, may be knocked on the head in the fight that ensues. I have witnessed several of their battles, and it appears to be the first object to shoot down, or otherwise kill a man. Then, where he falls instantly becomes the great nucleus for close combat with spears, slings, and clubs. Then a similar cause at another point causes a change of position, particularly if a chief of consequence falls; and so on, until a sweeping rush puts to flight one or other of the parties."

Sed diabolus curat, as we used to say in maccaronic Latin at school, or in plain English, the devil may care,—on went the Doctor boldly and resolutely:

"I left ship and boats (says he) to manage their trading, and marched off with the chief 'Toomova,' accompanied by two or three warriors in full dress. We passed on through a luxuriant valley, and by a 'toopooan,' or dead house, and at a distance of about three miles from the landing place to an eminence, we arrived at his house, which was surrounded by several others. We at once lay down to rest ourselves, and had an excellent refresh of roast pig, fish, yams, &c. A delightful small clear stream gurgled not ten feet from the door, or front of the house, which gave the place a refreshing coolness. In strolling about one mile further up, four days after, I discovered what gave my thoughts a new turn. This was an extensive defence, or breast-work, recently repaired, with a warrior lurking here and there behind it, evidently as sentinels or scouts, watching the manœuvres of some party in the distance. I saw at once they were then at war, and that I was awkwardly circumstanced. I looked round me; I was far from the sea, and certainly not far from those people's enemy I looked at 'Toomova.' He read my mind at once, and, with a triumphant laugh, spoke the only English he knew: 'Very good man you,' pointing significantly to my double-barrelled gun. He did not inform me before of their being at war; but now exhibited unfeigned delight at having, as he thought, an ally so well prepared. I told him I had nothing to do with their wars, but merely brought the gun for my own amusement, and would go away to the landing place, as I did not wish to kill any one. He at once told me I could not get away, as the scouts would prevent me, and that he would take every care of me; at the same time added, I would have to shoot, for the enemy was large, and would come close up to them in a day or two. He then examined my gun, talked of it to others, and all seemed curious to know why the barrels should not be smooth. It was the first rifle they had seen, and I explained it to them. He then begged of me to shoot at something. So I took from one of them a pearl shell ornament about the size of a saucer, placed it up in a tree, stepped out about two hundred yards, called Toomova over to try a shot first with his gun, which was a long fuzee. He laughed at me, and at the idea of hitting it at all, and beckoned me to fire. As this was innocent amusement, I determined to do justice to the gun, took a steady aim, and broke the pearl shell to pieces. He said it was all chance, and put up another mark for the other barrel. I fired again, with the same result. They expressed at once the most extravagant joy, and shook their spears in the direction of the enemy."

If ever there had been a chance, the exhibition of such marksmanship was fatal to the Doctor's pacific career. He was too invaluable an ally to be permitted even an armed neutrality; and so the savages compelled him to volunteer into their service. A review of the forces ensued, and it takes place in a locality which reminds us of the happy valley of Rasselas, and its human contrast:

"The valley was full of noise and bustle, as all parties, men, women, and children, were hurrying to the place appointed for the review, which was a piece of ground of about ten acres, with only a few trees, and free from stones. It was nearly encircled by lofty, rugged, spiral rocks, the spaces between each being occupied by tall trees. It was an area that had been always used by them for kōhinas or feasts, and various sports. When you were inside of it, you were shut out from every thing else, all the surrounding hills and country being excluded from the view. 'Toomova' told me, early this morning, that I was made a chief in council, that I was entitled to a portion of his land, being his adopted friend; and that as such, and with authority, I must take off the clothes I had on, and dress like the other chiefs. I told him I did not think it necessary, and had an aversion to do so, because I did not wish to go nearly naked, and also to have my skin blistered with the sun. He told me, smartly enough, that I must dress as a chief, because the people would think it unlucky if I did not; and as for the sun, I might not dread that, as I would, or might, wear over me a fold or mantle of tappa; and, to end all discussion, he unfolded a bundle containing my Marquesan costume, a present from him and other chiefs. He told me my clothes would be tabooed, and safe for me, and at once to strip off. I knew these people were very superstitious, and often the

wearing of particular ornaments or dress on state occasions was considered a good or bad omen, particularly in time of war. Having undressed, and begged of 'Toomova' to be careful of my clothes, I put on my new dress, and may now describe it. I had anklets and bracelets of bushy human hair, taken from the head of the enemy by Toomova's brother (who was, it seems, lately killed in battle;) round my waist I had the 'mara' of snow white tappa, of fine texture and make; on my head was the head-dress presented to me at the council of war; by a string of human hair, over my neck and by my side, hung my war conch; also round my waist was my own leather belt, with ammunition pouch and knife, and in my hand my esteemed and highly valued friend, the rifle. I turned to Toomova and asked him would that do. He replied with delight, 'mytake' (good,) 'come along now.' As we were outside the door, I begged to get the tappa for my shoulders, to keep me from the sun; he brought it at once, and off we set. On nearing the ground we could hear an occasional wild yell; this was the reception of the various chiefs as they came in. As soon as we entered the enclosure, when they saw 'Toomova' and his friend, transformed as I was in dress, a yell burst from them that shook the air, and with every expression of delight they jumped high from the ground, making a noise by striking their war clubs together, and some at the same time beating on the native drum; the noise was tremendous—the scene before and around was savagely magnificent."

Our European Marquesan chief was now in about as pleasant a condition as the valiant Sancho Panza in his government of Barataria; and his preferment conducted him, will he, nill he, to yet higher honours. He must be tattooed! and tattooing is not the most pleasant of ceremonies—by no means so agreeable as being invested with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Golden Fleece, or even the Garter. But the islanders would have the operation performed, and the Doctor states:

"The Marquesans are as superstitious a race of people as I have ever visited. In this unfrequented spot they cannot account for where the ships or people like us come from; and from our great superiority over them, they conclude we are 'atua,' or gods. They had no other idea than that the visit of our ship brought with it these two last storms. It would be too elaborate here to describe minutely the extent of their superstition; but as it regarded and brought me in a party concerned, on one point I will be particular. A few days after the interment of the scout, I made a long exploring range through the country belonging to the tribe with whom I was living, and returned at sunset to the house of Toomova, where I was in the habit of sleeping, greatly fatigued. I found several chiefs inside, in earnest conversation. They told me to lie down, as they came to speak with me. I said I was ready to hear them. An elderly chief of consequence, named Mate, then said that the people believed there was some evil spirit working against them; that the unknown cause of the death of the scout found at the pass was a sure sign of it; that the enemy not appearing now, when they were ready for them, and prepared to have revenge on them; that the late storm, greater than they had experienced for some time, and destroyed a good many fruit trees, was another sign; and finally, that some of the old men say there have been more odd things occurring lately than took place for a long time before, and that the whole of those strange occurrences happened, or were produced, in consequence of my being made a chief on coming amongst them, and not being marked or tattooed as one; and to prevent any further mischief to them or their valley, it was their wish that I should be at once tattooed as their chief; and they were sure all then would be right every where."

How like the gods of the old classic Greeks, as recorded in the *Iliad* and elsewhere, are the modern gods of the Marquesans—how like their ideas of divine morality or mortal divinity mixing in mundane affairs! The Doctor soon perceived, that if he did not submit to be made a marked man, with as good a grace as possible, the contingency was that his brother chiefs would probably kill and eat him. And so he was tattooed, in submission to the Swift-like satirical arguments of the sage warriors of Hivooa.

Next day, after our morning repast, the conchs sounded in all directions, and several muskets were fired round the house where I was, and all the principal chiefs came in. Then entered the tattoo-men, two to use the instruments and two assistants. It is a regular profession, and only followed by a few. They are paid in kind for their work on the common people; but the chiefs they have a right to mark for nothing and consider it a high honour. In speaking of the celebrity of those men, the people will tell you he is the best, he has tattooed such and such a great chief. They have only a few instruments in use. Those used for inserting the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like either a comb or a saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to an inch, according to variety or minuteness of the work—some having only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long, at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh is long or short, according to the fancy of the operator. The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The hitting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunk maker driving in his nails. This incessant hammering at the skin, or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation. The colouring matter used is made in this way: eight or ten nuts (commonly known as the candle-nut, from their emitting a bright flame, and being used by Marquesans as a substitute for candles) are strung on a piece of reed, which is stuck in the ground, the upper one being lighted. An inverted section of a cocoa nut is suspended over it. This condenses the smoke, which is very black, and when mixed with a little water, forms the marking ink in question. The swelling is very great, but subsides much in five or six days. Sometimes the person operated upon does not recover for weeks; and when the tattooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often in irritable constitutions, forms large tumours and abscesses. Often erysipelas is produced; but those are rare cases, all generally getting clear with the ordinary inflammation, which is only of eight or ten days' duration. The various figures and lines have all their own signification, and are perfectly understood by every native. A man is not respected even by the children if he has not borne his tattoo. I have often seen tattoo over tattoo. After a feast or a battle there is always some addition, or fresh souvenir; and if there is no room for more, it is done over some former stripes or marks. The operators are very expert, and some of the instruments being so large, an extensive surface is got over in a shorter period than a person imagines. However, it takes some time, and I

have seen some obliged to stop the operator, to get a little cessation from the continued and sickening hammering. The vachinas, or women, are often in faint after faint, and are obliged to be held firmly down; yet they wish to be tattooed, and voluntarily submit to this pain, for (as they, poor things, imagine) grandeur and beauty. I was four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over the surface was rubbed with scented cocca-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing conchs and firing muskets again, ended the ceremony. There were several women in the house all the time—wives and daughters of the chiefs—and they appeared to sympathise much with me; but they were not allowed to interfere, as I was a tattooed chief. I was a little faintish after it, but on going out and sitting in the cool shade of a tree, all went off well. The people and chiefs all then looked upon me as more than one of themselves. They came in numbers, bringing what they thought delicacies of all sorts—fruit, fowl, pig, fish, &c.; and the chiefs gave me various presents. Indeed, all was an exhibition of real kindness. 'Mate' gave me his own head-dress, which he wore in fifteen battles. It fitted me exactly, and was a splendid thing."

After this there is a desperate battle, and the enemy utterly routed, with the doctor *quasi warrior malgre lui*, and not *quasi medecin malgre lui*. Justly entitled to his share of the *spolia opima* he seems to have had no stomach for them, and modestly declined participation:

"I was leaning against a rock resting myself, when I was startled by a slap on the shoulder; and on turning round, beheld Toomova unhurt, in all his triumph, and my companion, Mate's nephew, covered with blood, and a broken arm. The first told me I was a very good man, shook me heartily with both hands, and said that the women were getting some water up from the stream, and something to eat would be here directly. This was pleasant news. The latter told me to get on my legs, and come along with him over the ground to see all the dead; and added, with a significant gesture, 'Epo, newe, newe, kai, kai te tanai; the interpretation of which is, 'by-and-by eat—eat plenty of men.' * * * At sunrise all was activity again. The business now was to separate our own dead from the enemy, which duty was performed in about two hours. The first were respectfully rolled in tappa, as a preparation for interment; the latter were collected in a heap preparatory to cooking. The ornaments were first taken off; then the hair of the head, for making bracelets and anklets as trophies: they were then dragged away down to the stream to be washed. * * * Near where they deposited the bodies, they now dug several large holes in the earth, and into them cast a number of stones so as to cover the bottom of the pit, over which there was a pile of wood set on fire. The knife generally in use at the Marquesas is a split flat piece of the large bamboo, the edge of which cuts as sharply as any of our instruments. With this they cut up the dead bodies of their enemies into convenient sizes, and rolled the pieces up in banana or plantain leaves. As soon as the stones were nearly red hot, the burning wood was removed and thrown aside. Those parcels of human flesh were then arranged on the hot stones, and a deep covering of grass strewn over. Then water was sprinkled over all, and as soon as the steam arose the whole was covered over deeply with earth to remain until next day. A great many ovens having now been set at work in this manner, the remainder of the day was spent in burying our friends, after the manner I have before stated. The Marquesans never eat their own party. I must throw a veil over the feast of the following day, as I had only one look at the beginning of it, and left the arena sick to loathing: went off to the house and did not leave it until the horrid scene was ended. Thus terminated the Marquesan battle, and its consummation."

How the Doctor rejoined his ship, and how his comrades laughed at his grotesque skin and costume, may be read at length in this clever and amusing volume; and we think we may fairly add, that with all its oddness, a good deal of real and useful information may be gleaned from it respecting the Pacific islands which at this period possesses peculiar claims to attention.

PUBLIC PATRONAGE OF MEN OF LETTERS.

In the infancy of civilisation, when all our thoughts were on wars abroad and broils and tournaments at home, we find the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of our poetry, among the annuitants of King Edward III. and King Richard II. But literature, there is too much reason to believe, had little to do in procuring for the great poet the annuity from the Exchequer and the pitcher of wine from the royal cellar. We wish we could agree with those of the antiquaries who would trace the salary of the poet laureate and his pipe of canary to Chaucer's pension and his pitcher of wine. No better original could well be had, but there is little or no authority, we fear, to support so ingenious a supposition. Be that as it may, it is pleasing to find that one of the greatest of our poets and the first English writer of any eminence in our tongue, was not altogether overlooked in so dark a century.

The long Lancastrian wars were detrimental to the growth of letters, but Caxton came among us, and found a friend in Earl Rivers. The nation now grew quiet for a time. Stephen Hawes, the author of a poem called *The Pastime of Pleasure* (a kind of connecting link between Chaucer and Spenser), met with the patronage of the Queen of Henry VII.; old John Heywood, the epigrammatist, was player on the virginals to Henry VIII., with a fee of eight-pence a day. Henry VIII. was no great friend to letters. The rude, railing satirist, Skelton, was, it is true, a kind of poet-laureate to the crown; and Erasmus was received with favour: but literature in this reign suffered a severe loss in the cruel executions of the learned More and the poetic Earl of Surrey.

Queen Elizabeth distributed her bounty with the same sparing hand with which she bestowed her honours. Raleigh and Sidney, Vere, Norris, Drake, Walsingham, and Greville, were the new-made knights of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Poets came in for a portion of her bounty. Gascoigne and Churchyard were sent on missions abroad. Ronsard the poet received a present of forty French crowns, and Thomas Preston, the author of a tragedy "containing the Life of King Cambises," a pension of £20 a-year. But the great scandal of her age was the fate of Spenser. Not that the poet was altogether overlooked. He received at one time a grant of confiscated property in Ireland, and subsequently a pension of fifty pounds a-year. But the land proved a ruinous affair, and the pension, there is reason to believe, was subsequently withdrawn. His end was melancholy—"He died," says Johnson, "for lack of bread;" and Waller, who lived not too late to be well informed, confirms his testimony:—

"to starve,
That Spenser knew."

A sad termination for a poet's life, nor is it without its lesson.

"Tell them how Spenser starved, how Cowley mourn'd,

How Butler's faith and service was returned."

This was said by a poet who might have added his own name, to the number of neglected poets. It was said by Otway.

Literature was not overlooked by the Stuarts in Scotland before their accession to the English throne. Dunbar (the Chaucer of his country) enjoyed by the bounty of King James IV. a yearly pension of considerable amount, at a time when the price of labour and provisions was very low. The sixth James was himself a poet, with the power to appreciate genius, and the inclination, it is said, to relieve its necessities. Raleigh, it is true, was imprisoned, and at length beheaded by him, but Jonson, enjoyed a pension by his bounty. Daniel was patronised by his queen, Wotton was one of his ambassadors abroad, and Ayton was his wife's secretary.

It is incidentally observed by Farmer, and repeated by Mr. Gifford, that playwriting in Shakespeare's days "was scarcely thought a creditable employ." This may be easily accounted for. The poets who wrote for the stage were also actors; and the profession of an actor was viewed for a very long time as a kind of vagrant occupation. Yet the drama was at its height and most encouraged when apparently most looked down upon.

A love of literature was hereditary in the family of the Stuarts. Henry prince of Wales, a boy of only eighteen when he died, had Owen the epigrammatist, Michael Drayton, and Joshua Sylvester, on his list of pensioners and annuitants. Authors presenting him with their books went away with some substantial mark of his good will. Rowland Cotgrave, the learned author of the dictionary which bears his name, received his bounty; nor was the amusing Coryatt overlooked by the young discerning prince.

King Charles I. would appear to have imbibed his love of art from his elder brother, for King James had no particular predilection that way. Nor was Charles without his brother Henry's taste for literature, or his sympathy with literary men. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name any author of eminence unprotected or unnoticed by the king. Ben Jonson was his poet laureat, and Davenant succeeded to the laurel at Jonson's death. The plays of Shirley, Massinger, and May, were read by him in MS. and then acted at court before him. He altered passages, for he was a poet himself, and he suggested subjects. His taste was excellent. The tasteful Carew filled the office of sewer in ordinary; Quarles received a pension; Denham and Waller were about his court, Falkland, Fanshawe, and Suckling about his person. Nor were the elder poets overlooked; he quotes Chaucer in his letter, draws allusions from the drama, borrows a prayer from Sydney's *Arcadia*, and finds in Shakespeare a solace in his sufferings.

During the Commonwealth, literary men, rather than literature, found favour with Cromwell and his colleagues. The Protector wrote a graceless style, full of hard meaning, and disguised, like all he did, from common observation. He had little leisure for the refinements of language or the graces of composition; and less leisure to consider what authors were worthy of reward, or what they were worth to a government in need of support. He was not blind, however, to the beauties of art or the graces of literature: he retained the best pictures in the collection of Charles I. (the Cartoons of Raphael), for the furniture of his own apartments, and was reviving the drama under Davenant when he died. Good poets found employment in prose composition under the government of Cromwell. The history of the Long Parliament by May, written at the time, and under the patronage but not the influence of parliament, is one of the fairest histories ever written. It is clear and temperate in its views, calm and consistent in its style; so temperate indeed, that our present historians of the period of which it treats (writers on both sides of the question) might derive a useful lesson from its study. Other poets found employment at this time, Milton and Marvell among the number. May was an apologist, Milton a defender, and Marvell an assistant under Milton in the office of secretary for the Latin tongue. But May had more authority than Milton; indeed nothing can well be more absurd than the views adopted by the hip and thigh admirers of the political conduct of the great poet. Biographers like Symonds, and writers of his class, contemplate the ill-paid secretary for the Latin tongue in the light of a secretary of state for home and foreign affairs. There is no reason to believe that Cromwell was guided by his counsel, or even asked his advice on any one occasion. This seems so clear, from the terms in which Whitelocke speaks of him on the solitary occasion in which he mentions his name, that blind and wilful prejudice alone could view (we are sorry to say) the political John Milton in the light of anything else than a translator from Latin in English, and from English into Latin. Whatever the real position of Milton may have been, his office ceased with the usurpation: and in the succeeding reign he fell, to use his own language, on evil days and evil times. "When *Paradise Lost* was first published," writes Swift to Sir Charles Wogan, "few liked, read, or understood it, and it gained ground merely by its merits." Milton had excluded himself by his politics from preferment or notice; his religious principles were obnoxious, and there was little in his poem to invite the attention of the gay and thoughtless thousands who witnessed the Restoration. If *Paradise Lost* had excited even ordinary attention at a time of its publication, Mr. Pepys would have been sure to have said something about it in his *Diary*. But he is silent, and there is too much reason to believe that it attracted little or no attention. Would it attract much now as a new publication? Mr. Hallam thinks not, and in these exciting times of railway speculation and corn-law abolition, few would have time to think what a new poem of this description was like. Yet when the repeal of the Copyright law was an all-engrossing subject of conversation in literary circles, and Milton's poor reward for his divine epic was particularly insisted upon; Mr. Tegg, we remember, either in speech or by letter, ridiculed the idea of such a circumstance ever occurring again, and either exclaimed or wrote—"Only bring me a *Paradise Lost*, see what I will give for it!" The intelligent publisher of Cheapside was safe in what he said, there is no occasion to suspect that a new epic reaching to the height of Milton's poem is likely to be produced again.

Charles II. condescended to talk familiarly with poets, but did little to foster their genius or better their condition. He fed them with kind words and fair promises, but his remembrance was not easily awakened. This "Unthinking king," as he was called by one of his court favourites, was not however wholly neglectful of letters. He gave the laurel on Davenant's death, and the office of historiographer on Howell's, to glorious John Dryden; recommended subjects for the employment of Dryden's muse; permitted his imperious mistresses to protect his plays; nominated his son to the Charterhouse School, and, shortly before he died, gave him a small sinecure situation in the Customs. But his salary was not very regularly paid. He was, moreover, employed by the king in party satire, and indifferently rewarded for what he did. Others, however, fared still worse. Cowley died at Chertsey, neglected by the court he had served in exile; and the king, who carried *Hudibras* about with him

in his pocket, and quoted from it, it is said inimitably well, did nothing for the poet but grant a protection to him from the piratical booksellers of the period. Butler's end is well known; he lived for some years before his death in an obscure alley, and died at last disappointed and in want. "Which," asks Goldsmith, with infinite irony, "is the greatest scandal on his age, Butler's poem or Butler's fate?"

These sad lessons were not without their advantage to the poets who came after. "It is enough for one age," says Dryden, urging his claims for public employment on Hyde Lord Rochester, "it is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and to have starved Mr. Butler." The lesson was of temporary use. Lord Rochester relieved his wants, and obtained for him the small situation in the Customs already alluded to.

In the short reign of King James II. poor Nat. Lee was supported while in Bedlam by the bounty of the king; but Otway died in want choked it is said, with the first mouthful of bread he had obtained for a very long time.

King William III. knew no more about poetry than he knew of St. Evremont and exhibited his Dutch garden taste in poetry in selecting the individual to whom he assigned the laurel, removed for political considerations from the brows of Dryden. He gave it to Shadwell. The then lord chamberlain, the witty Earl of Dorset, may have had something to do with this: Shadwell was a friend of his; he admired, and with reason, his comic powers, and wished, perhaps, to do something for him. But Shadwell was not a poet in any sense of the word, and his appointment carried a bad precedent with it, for though he was the first bad poet who wore the laurel, he was not the last. He was the poetic-father of a Tate, a Eusden, and a Pye. But William was essentially a soldier. We are not, therefore, to quarrel with him for his selection of Shadwell, or that he mistook Blackmore for a poet, and dubbed him Sir Richard for his bad epic called *King Arthur*.

"The hero William and the martyr Charles;

One knighted Blackmore and one pensioned Quarles."

But here the rhyme occasioned an injustice, for Quarles, though tedious at times, was a true poet; whereas Blackmore is one dead level of a bog throughout.

The age of Anne was an era in the history of letters. Literary men found ample and almost unexpected encouragement from the ministerial advisers of the crown. Whig and Tory leaders vied with each other in advancing the interests of such as could assist them. The battle of Blenheim was sung by a Whig and by a Tory poet; and Addison's *Cato* was a party play. The great Whig patron was Charles Montague, earl of Halifax; the great Tory patron, Harley, earl of Oxford. Halifax found a sinecure situation for Congreve, and Addison and Steele experienced his bounty. Pope kept aloof from the sea of politics; while Swift was the adviser of Harley, and Prior his ambassador at the Hague. The queen herself took very little interest in literature, and Whig encouragement ceased when Charles Montague died; for the great Duke of Marlborough, and his son-in-law the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, knew or cared very little about it. Yet the queen was not insensible to the wants of literary men. The infant children of Farquhar received a small annuity at her hand, and the widow of Betterton a pension of £100 a-year.

The death of the queen and the accession of the house of Hanover brought the Whigs once more into office. Addison was for some time secretary of state; Steele received a patent for a new theatre; Rowe was sworn in as poet-laureate, and his widow, at his death, received a pension. But Addison was not very long in office, and Steele's pecuniary difficulties began anew. The king was a stranger to our language, and had no particular taste for the literature of the people he came amongst. His favourite Whigs encountered the ridicule of Swift and contemptuous irony of the splenic St. John. The Whigs had no one to defend them. Addison was dead, and Steele idle and unwilling. They soon grew callous to what was said, and over-looked in indifference the cultivation of letters and the wants of literary men. Something, however, was done. By the interest and friendship of Godolphin, the king was taught to find a poet in Dr. Young, and, better still, induced to settle a pension of £200 a-year on the youthful satirist.

Swift has made a complaint in verse of the neglect of letters in his time, but his complaint is not altogether founded on justice. He accuses Halifax of neglecting Congreve, talks of the poet's "one poor office," and then, in his own inimitable way, raises a laugh at the expense of the most munificent patron of genius we had as yet or have since had. The truth is, Congreve enjoyed a plurality of offices. He had no estate of his own; he did not make literature a profession; he lived like the gentleman he assumed to be, and he died rich. But Swift was too fond of saying any thing ill-natured against the Earl of Halifax, and we are told that,—

"Congreve spent in writing plays

And one poor office half his days;

While Montague, who claim'd the station

To be Mæcenas of the nation,

For poets open table kept,

But ne'er consider'd where they slept."

Who keeps open table now? Who has kept an open table for poets since? But Halifax did not confine his patronage to poets; he knew and valued the great Sir Isaac Newton, and, by his interest, he was made Master of the Mint. The truth is, Swift was so disgusted with the Whigs of Walpole's time, that every Whig from the devil—who was the first whig, according to Dr. Johnson's idea—came in for a share of his sarcastic condemnation. The change was, indeed, great between the regard entertained for letters in the reign of Queen Anne, and the light in which letters were held in the reign of her successor.

Swift pined and complained in a poor-paid Irish deanery. It is true that he had nothing to expect from a Whig administration. His wit was enlisted on the other side, and carried this serious evil with it, that the Whigs, in contemning Swift, extended their contempt to letters in general.

George II. was just such another as George I., and Sir Robert Walpole just such another as the Earl of Godolphin. The king left every thing to Walpole and his queen. And what a reign!

The whole patronage of the crown was engrossed by Walpole; and "Bob, the poet's foe," as he was called, felt a secret pleasure in overlooking the claims of literature and the necessities of literary men.

Gay got something, it is true, at last. He was offered the situation of gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, a girl of two years old.

"Say, had the court no better place to choose

For thee than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?

How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,

To squire a royal girl of two years old;

In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,

Or with her go-cart amble side by side."

Great interest had been made for Gay. Mrs. Howard, the mistress of the king, used all her influence in his behalf; but Walpole stood in the way of his obtaining a pension or a post of honour. The "servile usher's place" was thought an insult, and as such was indignantly declined. Walpole, perhaps, suspected as much; and he knew that, in obstructing Gay's advancement, he angered Swift, whom he hated, and Bolingbroke whom he detested. Gay had no second offer, and Pope complains that a poet of his reputation should die unpensioned,—

"Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends"

Caroline, queen of George II. felt or affected a sympathy with men of genius. She conversed with Newton and corresponded with Leibnitz. To the widow of Dr. Clarke she assigned a yearly pension. Savage enlisted himself as her volunteer laureate, and enjoyed her bounty. He was, however, excluded at her death, and the only one excluded from the list of persons entitled to pensions from the crown. In Richmond garden she erected a Temple of Fame, containing the busts of four great men, Locke, Newton, Woolaston, and Clarke, and gave the key of the temple to Stephen Duck, the thresher-poet. The wits played off their jokes at her majesty's expense. Pope accuses her of sneaking from living worth to dead; and Swift admires her parsimony in exalting heads that cannot eat.

Frederick prince of Wales, the father of George III., was to have had a niche in a new edition of the royal and noble authors. The prince, it appears, is the author of a French hunting song. He did not, however, exhibit any partiality for poets. Lord Lyttelton, his secretary, and a poet withal, saddled, it is true, some poetic pensioners upon him. Mallet was made assistant-secretary; the gentle elegiac Hammond filled the office of equerry to the prince; 100*l.* a-year was assigned to Gilbert West, and the same sum to Thomson, the poet of *The Seasons*. See by how slight a tenure they held their situations, and how little the prince, in reality, cared for the authors he had about him! He quarrelled with Lyttelton, and the poets were all routed in a day.

"The accession of George III. opened," says Boswell, "a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit, who had been honoured with no mark of royal favour in the preceding reign." The new minister, Lord Bute, gave a pension of 300*l.* a year to Dr. Johnson, and the same sum to Home, the author of *Douglas*. Beattie and Mallet were pensioned by the crown. The king condescended to converse with Dr. Johnson. His minister recommended a literary work of great national importance to the pen of Walpole, and held out hopes that the work would meet with the encouragement of government. But Bute went out of power, and nothing was done. Small annuities to literary men still continued to be granted. Dr. Shebbeare and Tom Sheridan each received a pension. The king, it was said, had pensioned a *he bear*, meaning Dr. Johnson, as well as a *she-bear* (Dr. Shebbeare). No one knew why Tom Sheridan received a pension. "What!" said Johnson, "have they given him a pension? Then, it is time for me to give up mine."

The wisdom of rewarding literature in the person of Tom Sheridan may well be doubted. Mallet had no great claims upon the government as a literary man. His ballad, it is true, is very beautiful; but *William and Margaret* did nothing for him. He was pensioned for the dirty work he had executed for a ministry in want of support. Many writers of sterling reputation were in the meantime overlooked. The delightful author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* became, for very existence, a mere literary hack or drudge for booksellers. "In Ireland," says Goldsmith, "there has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen ware, than given in rewards to literary men since the time of Usher." Smollett sought the assistance of Lord Sheburne, then in power, but nothing was done for the entertaining novelist; and he was allowed to end his days in perpetual exile, pinched in his means, and enfeebled in body, from the incessant employment of his pen. Burns was snatched from the sickle and the plough "to gauge ale firkins," and support a wife and family on the poor emoluments of an exciseman's office. A word to the Commissioners of Excise in Scotland, from one who quoted his poems to Mr. Addington with the highest approbation, would have given him a lift in his office, gladdened the hearth, and lengthened the life of a true-born poet. We refer to Mr. Pitt; when Mr. Addington reminded that great statesman of the poet's genius, and the poor situation it was his lot to fill, Mr. Pitt promised to do something for him, pushed the bottle on, and remembered his promise, if he remembered it at all, when the fine-hearted poet of genuine nature

"Who to the 'Illustrations' of his native land,

So properly did look for patronage,"

was, alas, no more!

If ever a poet deserved a pension from the British crown for the real service he had rendered his country, that poet was Charles Dibdin. His ballads and songs cheered up the heart of poor Jack in stormy times, maintained a manly and a loyal feeling throughout the British navy, and are working the same good still. They are the best exponents of the heart of an English sailor. But what was done for Dibdin? Something, we believe, at last, when he was old and unable to enjoy it—solitary, and could not impart it.

Pope went to sleep while Frederick prince of Wales talked about poetry to him at his own table; but George IV., while conversing accidentally on the same subject, could engage the ear of a poet as much inclined to quarrel with kings as Pope himself.

"He," (the Prince Regent) Lord Byron writes to Sir Walter Scott, "ordered me to be presented to him at a ball: and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the *Lay*. He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more the poet of *princes*, as they never appeared more fascinating than in *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*. He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses, as no less royal and poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both."

This, it must be owned, is a very pleasing anecdote; but the prince was invariably kind to Scott. He offered him the laureateship, conferred a baronetcy upon him, gave him a gold snuffbox set in brilliants, "as a testimony of his esteem for his genius and merit;" made him a present of a splendid copy of Montfaucon's *Antiquities* richly bound in scarlet, and a set of the Variorum Classics, for the library at Abbotsford; appointed his son Charles to a clerkship in the Foreign Office; made up what he called "a snug little dinner for him" at Carlton House; called him by his Christian name of Walter; talked of his "tyrannical self;" quoted Tom Moore, "Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast?—

"The table spread with tea and toast.

Death warrants and the *Morning Post*;"

commanded him, on another occasion, to pass a day with him at Windsor, where he was received, he tells us, with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which always distinguished the king's conduct towards him.

We have already alluded to a speech of Sir Robert Peel's in parliament, and when out of power, in reply to a proposition of Mr. Hume's that the leading characters of our country in literature, art, and science, should receive some badge or riband of distinction from the crown. He ridiculed the idea, and preferred the *solid pudding* of a pecuniary reward to the mere honours of a yard of riband. And well and nobly has he made good his sentiments. Here is a list of the pensions he granted during his two administrations of 1835 and 1841:—

Mr. Southey.....	£ 300
Mr. Wordsworth.....	300
Mrs. Somerville.....	200
James Montgomery.....	150
The widow of Pond the Astronomer Royal.....	200
Wife of Professor Airy.....	300
Professor Faraday.....	300
Mr. Tytler, the historian.....	200
Mr. Tennyson, the poet.....	200
Lady Shee.....	200
The widow of Thomas Hood.....	100

The Whigs copied the example set them by Sir Robert Peel. Here is a list of pensions granted by the members of Lord Melbourne's government, from April 1835, to August 1841:—

Thomas Moore.....	£ 300
Lady Morgan.....	300
John Banim, the novelist.....	150
Sir David Brewster.....	300
Colonel Gurwood.....	200
Widow of Dr. Mc'Crie.....	100
Miss Mitford.....	100
Mrs. Somerville (additional).....	100
Dr. Dalton (additional).....	150

Lady Morgan's 300*l.* a-year, when contrasted with Miss Mitford's solitary 100*l.*, seems hardly fair; but "the lady" had a claim, it is understood, on one distinguished member of the administration, and the amount was measured by friendship rather than by genius. The wording of the warrant granting a pension to Colonel Gurwood deserves citation:—

Victoria R.

"Whereas it hath been represented unto us, that Our Trusty and Well beloved John Gurwood, Companion of the Bath, Lieutenant Colonel in our Army, hath rendered Eminent Service to the public by the publication of the Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, and thus diffusing and perpetuating, both in this Country and among Foreign Nations, a knowledge of those achievements which have been effected by the British Armies under the direction of that Great Commander," &c.

The Whigs wished to pay a compliment to the Duke, so they gave a literary pension of 200*l.* a-year, to the editor of the Duke's Despatches. Nor was the pension undeserved. Far from it. Colonel Gurwood has rendered a lasting service to the military and political history, not of Britain alone, at the time, but of the whole civilised world.

"God maketh poets," says Daniel to Lord Ellesmere, "but his creation would be in vain if patrons did not make them to live. Ben Jonson got but 20*l.* by his works. Book-sellers paid but a small purchase-money: there were few readers, and they could not afford to pay more. What was to be done? The poet relied on his patron for remuneration. Spenser has *seventeen dedicatory sonnets before his Faery Queen*; Chapman, *sixteen before his translation of Homer*. Shakspeare addresses his two printed poems to Lord Southampton in the language of one who would be glad of a reward. Dryden, the great master of praise in prose, drew the arrow of adulation to the head. He has three distinct dedications to his *Virgil*; Dr. Young has a dedication before each *Satire* (this is what Swift calls flattery knives), and Thomson four dedications in verse before his *Seasons*. Well might Walpole affirm, that nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogist but that of a dedicatory. Let us, not, however, too severely condemn the poets who pursued the trade of flattery in a dedication.

But booksellers, as new readers arose improved the price of literature. The patron was no longer a necessary part of a poet's existence. Dr. Johnson could do without Lord Chesterfield; could substitute in satire the patron for the garret:—

"There mark what ills the scholar's life assail;
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gail;"

could call Andrew Millar the bookseller the Mæcenas of his day, and add a compliment that was well deserved. "I respect Andrew Millar, sir, he raised the price of literature." But Millar, and his apprentice Cadel, did more than this,—they raised an author above the necessity of relying on a patron.

We trust that literary men will, before long, assume as a class a permanent position for themselves, and for the authors who come after them.

THE LAST HOURS OF A REIGN.

CHAPTER II.

In a room belonging to the lower apartments of the old palace of the Louvre, reclined, in one of the large but inconmodious chairs of the time, a young man, whose pale, haggard face, and prematurely furrowed brow, betrayed deep suffering both from moral and physical causes. The thick lids of his heavy dark eyes closed over them with languor, as if he no longer possessed the force to open them; whilst his pale thin lips were distorted as if with pain. His whole air bore the stamp of exhaustion of mind and body.

The dress of this personage was dark and of an extreme plainness and simplicity, in times when the fashion of attire demanded so much display—it bore somewhat the appearance of a hunting costume. The room, on the contrary, betrayed a strange mixture of great richness and luxury with much confusion and disorder. The hangings of the doors were of the finest stuffs, and embroidered with gold and jewellery; tapestry of price covered the walls. A raised curtain of heavy and costly tissue discovered a small oratory, in which were visible a crucifix and other religious ornaments of great value. But in the midst of this display of wealth and greatness, were to be seen the most incongruous objects. Beneath a bench in a corner of the room was littered straw, on which lay several young puppies; in other choice nooks slept two or three great hounds. Hunting horns were hung against the tapestry, or lay scattered on the floor; an arquebuss rested against the oratory door-stall—the instrument of death beside the retreat of religious aspiration. Upon a standing desk, in the middle of the room, lay a book, the coloured designs of which

showed that it treated of the "noble science of venery," whilst around its pages hung the beads of a chaplet. Against the wall of the room opposite the reclining young man, stood one of the heavy chests used at that period for seats, as much as depositories of clothes and other objects; but the occupant of this seat was a strange one. It was a large ape, the light brown colour of whose hair bordered so much upon the green as to give the animal, in certain lights, a perfectly verdant aspect. It sat "moping and mowing" in sulky loneliness, as if its grimaces were intended to caricature the expression of pain which crossed the young man's face—a strange distorted mirror of that suffering form.

After a time the young man moved uneasily, as if he had in vain sought in sleep some repose from the torment of mind and body, and snapped his fingers. His hounds came obedient to his call; but, after patting them for a moment on the head, he again drove them from him with all the pettish ill-temper of ennuï, and rose, feebly and with difficulty, from his chair. He moved languidly to the open book, looked at it for a moment, then shook his head and turned away. Again he took up one of the hunting horns and applied it to his lips; but the breath which he could fetch from his chest produced no sound but a sort of low melancholy whine from the instrument; and he flung it down. Then dealing a blow at the head of the grinning ape, who first dived to avoid it, and then snapped at its master's fingers, he returned wearily to his chair, and sunk into it with a deep groan, which told of many things—regret—bitter ennuï—physical pain and mental anguish. The tears rose for a moment to his heavy languid eyes, but he checked their influence with a sneer of his thin upper-lip; then calling "Congo," to his ape, he made the animal approach and took it on his knees; and the two—the man and the beast—grinned at each other in bitter mockery.

In this occupation of the most grotesque despair, the young man was disturbed by another personage, who, raising the tapestry over a concealed door, entered silently and unannounced.

"My Mother!" murmured the sufferer, in a tone of impatience, as he became aware of the presence of this person; and turning away his head, he began to occupy himself in caressing his ape.

"How goes it with you, Charles? Do you feel stronger now?" said the mother, in a soft voice of the fondest cajolery, as she advanced with noiseless, gliding steps.

The son gave no reply, and continued to play with the animal upon his knee, whilst a dark frown knitted his brow.

"What say the doctors to your state to-day, my son?" resumed the female soothingly. As she approached still nearer, the ape, with a movement of that instinctive hate often observable in animals towards persons who do not like them, sprang at her with a savage grin, that displayed its sharp teeth, and would have bitten her hand had she not started back in haste. Her cold physiognomy expressed, however, neither anger nor alarm, as she quietly remarked to her son—

"Remove that horrid animal, Charles: see you how savage he is?"

"And why should I remove Congo, mother?" rejoined Charles, with a sneer upon his lip; "he is the only friend you have left me."

"Sickness makes you forgetful and unjust, my son," replied the mother.

"Yes, the only friend you have left me," pursued the son bitterly, "except my poor dogs. Have you not so acted in my name, that you have left me not one kindred soul to love me; that in the whole wide kingdom of France, there remains not a voice, much less a heart, to bless its miserable king?"

"If you say that you have no friends," responded the Queen-mother, "you may speak more truly than you would. For they are but false friends; and real enemies, who have instilled into your mind the evil thoughts of a mother, who has worked only for your glory and your good."

"No, not one," continued the young King, unheeding her, but dismissing at the same time the ape from his knee with a blow that sent him screaming and mouthing to his accustomed seat upon the chest. "Not one! Where is Perotte, my poor old nurse? She loved me—she was a real mother to me. She! And where is she now? Did not that deed of horror, to which you instigated caused the blood of her friends and kindred to be shed—and leave me, her nursing, her boy, her Charlot, whom she loved till then, with that curse upon her lips? And do they not say that her horror of him who has sucked her milk, and lain upon her bosom, and of his damning deed, has frenzied her brain, and rendered her witless! Poor woman!" And the miserable King buried his haggard face between his hands.

"She was a wretched Huguenot, and no fitting companion and confidant for a Catholic and a King," said the Queen, in a tone of mildness, which contrasted strangely with the harshness of her words. "You should return thanks to all the blessed Saints, that she has willingly renounced that influence about your person, which could tend only to endanger the salvation of your soul."

"My soul! Ay! who has destroyed it?" muttered Charles in a hollow tone.

The Queen-mother remained silent, but an unusual fire, in which trouble was mixed with scorn and anger, shot from her eyes.

"And have you not contrived to keep Henry of Navarre, my honest Henry, from my presence?" pursued the young King, after a pause, lifting up his heavy head from between his hands. "He was the only being you had left me still to love me; for my brothers hate me, both Anjou and Alençon—both wish me dead, and would wear my crown. And who was it, and for her own purposes, curdled the blood of the Valois in their veins until it rankled into a poison that might have befitted the Atrides of the tragedies of old! Henry of Navarre was the only creature that loved me still, and your policy and intrigues, madam, keep him from me, and so watch and harass his very steps in my own palace of the Louvre, where he is my guest, that never can I see him alone, or speak to him in confidence. He, too, deserts and neglects me now; and I am alone—alone, madam, with courtiers and creatures, who hate me too, it may be—alone, as a wretched orphan beggar by the way-side."

"My policy, as well as what you choose to call my intrigues, my son," rejoined the Queen, "have ever been directed to your interests and welfare. You are aware that Henry of Navarre has conspired against the peace of our realm, against your crown, may-be against your life. Would you condemn that care which would prevent the renewal of such misdeeds, when your own sister—when his wife—leagues herself in secret with your enemies?"

"Ay! Margaret too!" muttered Charles with bitterness. "Was the list of the Atrides not yet complete?"

"The dictates of my love and affection, of my solicitude for my son, and for his weal—such have been the main-spring of my intrigues," pursued the mother in a cajoling tone.

"The intrigues of the house of Medicis!" murmured the King, with a mocking laugh.

"What would you have me to do more, my son?" continued the Queen-mother.

"Nothing," replied Charles, "nothing but leave me—leave me, as others have done, to die alone!"

"My son, I will leave you shortly, and if it so please our Blessed Virgin, to a little repose, and a better frame of mind," said Catherine of Medicis. "But I came to speak to you of matters of weight, and of such deep importance that they brook no delay."

"I am unfitted for all matters of state—my head is weary, my limbs ache, my heart burns with a torturing fire—I cannot listen to you now, madam," pursued the King languidly; and then, seeing that his mother still stood motionless by his side, he added with more energy—"Am I then no more a king, madam, that, at my own command, I cannot even be left to die in peace?"

"It is of your health, your safety, your life, that I would speak," continued Catherine of Medicis, unmoved. "The physicians have sought in vain to discover the real sources of the cruel malady that devours you; but there is no reason to doubt of your recovery, when the cause shall be known and removed."

"And you, madam, should know, it would appear, better than my physicians the hidden origin of my sufferings!" said Charles, in a tone in which might be remarked traces of the bitterest irony. "Is it not so?" and he looked upon his mother with a deadly look of suspicion and mistrust.

The Queen-mother started slightly at these words; but, after a moment, she answered in her usual bland tone of voice—

"It is my solicitude upon this subject that now brings me hither."

"I thank you for your solicitude," replied the King, with the same marked manner; "and so, doubtless, does my brother Anjou: you love him well, madam, and he is the successor of his childish brother."

In spite of the command over herself habitually exercised by Catherine of Medicis, her pale brow grew paler still, and she slightly compressed her lips, to prevent their quivering, upon hearing the horrible insinuation conveyed in these words. The suspicious prevalent at the time, that the Queen-mother had employed the aid of a slow poison to rid herself of a son who resisted her authority, in order to make room upon the throne for another whom she loved, had reached her ears, and, guilty or guiltless, she could not but perceive that her own son himself was not devoid of these suspicions. After the struggle of a moment with herself, however, during which the drops of perspiration stood upon her pale temples, she resumed—

"I love my children all; and I would save your life, Charles. My ever-watchful affection for you, my son, has discovered the existence of a hellish plot against your life."

"More plots, more blood!—what next, madam?" interrupted, with a groan, the unhappy King.

"What the art of the physician could not discover," pursued his mother, "I have discovered. The strange nature of this unknown malady—these pains, this sleeplessness, this agony of mind and body, without a cause, excited my suspicions; and now I have the proofs in my own hands. My son, my poor son! you have been the victim of the foulest witchcraft and sorcery of your enemies."

"Enemies abroad! enemies at home!" cried Charles, turning himself uneasily in his chair. "Did I not say so, madam?"

"But the vile sorcerer has been discovered by the blessed intervention of the saints," continued Catherine; "and let him be once seized, tried, and executed for his abominable crime, your torments, my son, will cease for ever. You will live to be well, strong, happy."

"Happy!" echoed the young King with bitterness; happy! no, there the sorcery has gone too far for remedy." He then added after a pause, "And what is this plot! who is this sorcerer of whom you speak?"

"Trouble not yourself with these details, my son; they are but of minor import," replied Catherine. "You are weak and exhausted. The horrid tale would too much move your mind. Leave every thing in my hands, and I will rid you of your enemies."

"No, no. There has been enough of ill," resumed her son. "That he should be left in peace is all the miserable King now needs."

"But your life, my son. The safety of the realm depends upon the extermination of the works of the powers of darkness. Would you, a Catholic Prince, allow the evil-doer of the works of Satan to roam about at will and injure others as he would have destroyed his king?" pursued the Queen-mother.

"Well, we will speak more of this at another opportunity. Leave me now, madam, for I am very weak both in mind and body; and I thank you for your zeal and care."

"My son, I cannot leave you," persisted Catherine, "until you shall have signed this paper." She produced from the species of reticule suspended at her side a parchment already covered with writing. "It confers upon me full power to treat in this affair, and bring the offender to condign punishment. You shall have no trouble in this matter; and through your mother's care, your enemies shall be purged from the earth, and you yourself once more free, and strong and able shortly to resume the helm of state, to mount your horse, to cheer on your hounds. Come, my son, sign this paper."

"Leave me—leave me in peace," again answered Charles. "I am sick at heart, and I would do no ill even to my bitterest enemy, be he only an obscure sorcerer, who has combined with the prince of darkness himself to work my death."

"My son—it cannot be," said Catherine, perseveringly—for she was aware that by persisting alone could she weary her son to do at last her will. "Sign this order for prosecuting immediately the trial of the sorcerer. It is a duty you owe to your country, for which you should live, as much as to yourself. Come!" and, taking him by the arm, she attempted to raise him from his chair.

"Must I ever be thus tormented, even in my hours of suffering?" said the King with impatience. "Well, be it so, madam. Work your will, and leave me to my repose."

He rose wearily from his chair, and going to a table on which were placed materials for writing, hastily signed the paper laid before him by his mother; and then, fetching a deep respiration of relief, like a school boy after the performance of some painful task, he flung himself on to the chest beside the ape and, turning his back to his mother, began to make his peace with the sulky animal.

Catherine of Medicis permitted a cold smile of satisfaction to wander over her face; and after greeting again her son, who paid her no more heed than might be expressed by an impatient shrug of the shoulders, indicative of his

desire to be left in peace, again lifted the hangings, and passed through the concealed door. The suffering King, whose days of life were already numbered, and fast approaching their utmost span, although his years were still so few, remained again alone with his agony and his enmity.

Behind the door by which the Queen-mother had left her son's apartment was a narrow stone corridor, communicating with a small winding staircase, by which she mounted to her own suite of rooms upon the first floor; but, when she had gained the summit, avoiding the secret entrance opening into her own chamber, she proceeded along one of the many hidden passages by which she was accustomed to gain not only those wings of the palace inhabited by her different children, but almost every other part of the building, unseen and unannounced. Stopping at last before a narrow door, forming a part of the stonework of the corridor, she pulled it towards her, and again lifting up a tapestry hanging, entered, silently and stealthily, a small room, which appeared a sort of inner cabinet to a larger apartment. She was about to pass through it, when some papers scattered upon a table caught her eye, and moving towards them with her usual cat-like step, she began turning them over with the noiseless adroitness of one accustomed to such an employment. Presently, however, she threw them down, as if she had not found in them, at once, what she sought, or was fearful of betraying her presence to the persons whose voices might be heard murmuring in the adjoining room; and, advancing with inaudible tread, she paused to listen for a minute. The persons, however, spoke low; and finding that her espionage profited nothing to her, the royal spy passed on and entered the apartment.

In a chair, turning his back to her, sat a young man at a table, upon which papers and maps were mixed with jewellery, articles of dress, feathers and laces. A pair of newly-fashioned large gilt spurs lay upon a manuscript which appeared to contain a list of names; a naked rapier, the hilt which was of curious device and workmanship, was carelessly thrust through a paper covered with notes of music. The whole formed a strange mixture, indicative at once of pre-occupation and listless insouciance, of grave employment and utter frivolity. Before this seated personage stood another, who appeared to be speaking to him earnestly and in low tones. At the sight of Catherine, as she advanced, however, the latter person exclaimed quickly,

"My lord duke, her Majesty the Queen-mother!"

The other person rose hastily, and in some alarm, from his chair; whilst his companion took this opportunity to increase the confusion upon the table, by pushing one or two other papers beneath some of the articles of amusement or dress.

Without any appearance of remarking the embarrassment that was pictured upon the young man's face, Catherine advanced to accept his troubled greeting with a mild smile of tenderness, and said—

"Alençon, my son, I have a few matters of private business, upon which I would confer with you—and alone."

The increasing embarrassment upon the face of the young Duke must have been visible to any eye but that which did not choose to see it. After a moment's hesitation, however, in which the habit of obeying implicitly his mother's authority seemed to subdue his desire to avoid a conference with her, he turned and said unwillingly to his companion,

"Leave us, La Mole."

The Duke's favourite cast a glance of encouragement and caution upon his master; and bowing to the Queen-mother, who returned his homage with her kindest and most re-assuring smile of courtesy and benevolence, and an affable wave of the hand, he left the apartment.

Catherine took the seat from which her son had risen; and leaving him standing before her in an attitude which ill-repressed trouble combined with natural awkwardness of manner to render peculiarly ungainly, she seemed to study for a time, and with satisfaction, his confusion and constraint. But then, begging him to be seated near her, she commenced speaking to him of various matters, of his own pleasures and amusements, of the newest dress, of the fêtes interrupted by the King's illness, of the effect which this illness, and the supposed danger of Charles, had produced upon the jarring parties in the state; of the audacity of the Huguenots, who now first began, since the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, again to raise their heads, and cause fresh disquietude to the government. And thus proceeding step by step to the point at which she desired to arrive, the wily Queen-mother resembled the cat, which creeps slowly onwards, until it springs at last with one bound upon its victim.

"Alas!" she said, with an air of profound sorrow, "so quickly do treachery and ingratitude grow up around us, that we no longer can discern who are our friends and who our enemies. We bestow favours; but it is as if we gave food to the dog, who bites our fingers as he takes it. We cherish a friend; and it is an adder we nurse in our bosoms. That young man who left us but just now, the Count La Mole—he cannot hear us surely!"—the Duke of Alençon assured her, with ill-concealed agitation, that his favourite was out of ear-shot—"that young man—La Mole!—you love him well, I know, my son; and you know not that it is a traitor you have taken to your heart."

"La Mole—a traitor! how? impossible!" stammered the young Duke. "Your generous and candid heart comprehends not treachery in those it loves," pursued his mother; "but I have, unhappily, the proofs in my own power. Philip de la Mole conspires against your brother's crown."

The Duke of Alençon grew deadly pale; and he seemed to support himself with difficulty; but he stammered with faltering tongue,

"Conspires! how? for whom? Surely, madam, you are most grossly misinformed!"

"Unhappily, my son," pursued Catherine—"and my heart bleeds to say it—I have it no longer in my power to doubt."

"Madam, it is false," stammered again the young Duke, rising hastily from his chair, with an air of assurance which he did not feel. "This is some calumny."

"Sit down, my son, and listen to me for a while," said the Queen-mother with a bland, quiet smile. "I speak not unadvisedly. Be not so moved."

Alençon again sat down unwillingly, subdued by the calm superiority of his mother's manner.

"You think this Philip de la Mole," she continued, "attached solely to your interests, for you have showered upon him many and great favours; and your unsuspecting nature has been deceived. Listen to me, I pray you. Should our poor Henry never return from Poland, it would be yours to mount the throne of France upon the death of Charles. Nay, look not so uneasy. Such a thought, if it had crossed your mind, is an honest and a just one. How should I blame it? And now, how acts this Philip de la Mole—this man whom you have advanced, protected, loved almost as a brother? Regardless of all truth or honour, regardless of his master's fortunes, he conspires with friends and enemies, with Catholic and Huguenot, to place Henry of Navarre upon the throne!"

"La Mole conspires for Henry of Navarre! Impossible!" cried the Duke. "Alas! my son, it is too truly as I say," pursued the Queen-mother; "the discoveries that have been made reveal most clearly the whole base scheme. Know you not that this upstart courtier has dared to love your sister Margaret, and that the foolish woman returns his presumptuous passion? It is she who has connived with her ambitious lover to see a real crown encircle her own brow. She has encouraged Philip de la Mole to conspire with her husband of Navarre, to grasp the throne of France upon the death of Charles. You are ignorant of this, my son; your honourable mind can entertain no such baseness. I am well aware that, had you been capable of harbouring a thought of treachery towards your elder brother—and I well know that you are not—believe me, the wily Philip de la Mole had rendered you his dupe, and blinded you to the true end of his artful and black designs."

"Philip a traitor!" exclaimed the young Duke aghast.

"A traitor to his King, his country, and to you, my son—to you, who have loved him but too well," repeated the Queen-mother.

"And it was for this purpose that he"—commenced the weak Duke of Alençon. But then, checking the words he was about to utter, he added, clenching his hands together—"Oh! double, double traitor!"

"I knew that you would receive the revelation of this truth with horror," pursued Catherine. "It is the attribute of your generous nature so to do; and I would have spared you the bitter pang of knowing that you have lavished so much affection upon a villain. But as orders will be immediately given for his arrest, it was necessary you should know his crime, and make no opposition to the seizure of one dependent so closely upon your person."

More, much more, did the artful Queen-mother say to turn her weak and credulous son to her will; and when she had convinced him of the certain treachery of his favourite, she rose to leave him, with the words—

"The guards will be here anon. Avoid him until then. Leave your apartment; speak to him not; or, if he cross your path, smile on him kindly, thus—and let him never read upon your face the thought that lurks within. 'Thou art a traitor!'"

Alençon promised obedience to his mother's injunctions.

"I have cut off thy right hand, my foolish son," muttered Catherine to herself as she departed by the secret door. "Thou art too powerless to act alone, and I fear thee now no longer. Margaret must still be dealt with; and thou, Henry of Navarre, if thou aspirest to the regency, the struggle is between thee and Catherine. Then will be seen whose star shines with the brightest lustre!"

When Philip de la Mole returned to his master's presence, he found the Duke pacing up and down the chamber in evident agitation; and the only reply given to his words was a smile of so false and constrained a nature, that it almost resembled a grin of mockery.

The Duke of Alençon was as incapable of continued dissimulation, as he was incapable of firmness of purpose; and when La Mole again approached him, he frowned sulkily, and, turning his back upon his favourite, was about to quit the room.

"Shall I accompany my lord duke?" said La Mole, with his usual careless demeanour, although he saw the storm gathering, and guessed immediately from what quarter the wind had blown, but not the awful violence of the hurricane.

"No—I want no traitors to dog my footsteps," replied Alençon, unable any longer to restrain himself, in spite of his mother's instructions.

"There are no traitors here," replied his favourite proudly. "I could have judged, my lord, that the Queen-mother had been with you, had I not seen her enter your apartment. Yes—there has been treachery on foot, it seems, but not where you would say. Speak boldly, my lord, and truly. Of what does she accuse me?"

"Traitor! double traitor!" exclaimed the Duke, bursting into a fit of childish wrath, "who has led me on with false pretences of a Crown—who has made me—thy master and thy prince—the dupe of thy base stratagems; who has blinded me, and gulled me, whilst thy real design was the interest of another!"

"Proceed, my lord duke," said La Mole calmly. "Of what other does my lord duke speak?"

"Of Henry of Navarre, for whom you have conspired at Margaret's instigation," replied Alençon, walking uneasily up and down the room, and not venturing to look upon his accused favourite, as if he himself had been the criminal, and not the accuser.

"Ah! thither flies the bolt, does it?" said La Mole, with scorn. "But it strikes not, my lord. If I may claim your lordship's attention to these papers for a short space of time, I should need no other answer to this strange accusation, so strangely thrown out against me." And he produced from his person several documents concealed about it, and laid them before the Duke, who had now again thrown himself into his chair. "This letter from Condé—this from La Brèche—these from other of the Protestant party. Cast your eyes over them! Of whom do they speak? Is it of Henry of Navarre? Or is it of the Duke of Alençon? Whom do they look to as their chief and future King?"

"Philip, forgive me—I have wronged you," said the vacillating Duke, as he turned over these documents from members of the conspiracy that had been formed in his own favour. "But, gracious Virgin!—I now remember my mother knows all—she is fearfully incensed against you. She spoke of your arrest."

"Already!" exclaimed La Mole. "Then it is time to act! I would not that it had been so soon. But Charles is suffering—he can no longer wield the sceptre. Call out the guard at once. Summon your friends. Seize on the Louvre."

"No—no—it is too late," replied the Duke; "my mother knows all, I tell you. No matter whether for me or for another, but you have dared to attack the rights of my brother of Anjou—and that is a crime she never will forgive."

"Then act at once," continued his favourite, with energy. "We have bold hearts and ready arms. Before to-night the Regency shall be yours; at Charles's death the Crown."

"No, no—La Mole—impossible—I cannot—will not," said Alençon in despair.

"Monsieur!" cried La Mole, with a scorn he could not suppress.

"You must fly, Philip—you must fly," resumed his master.

"No—since you will not act, I will remain and meet my fate!"

"Fly, fly, I tell you! You would compromise me, were you to remain," repeated the Duke. "Every moment endangers our safety."

"If such be your command," replied La Mole coldly, "rather than sacrifice a title of your honour, I will fly."

"They will be here shortly," continued Alençon hurriedly. "Here, take

this cloak—this jewelled hat. They are well known to be mine. Wrap the cloak about you. Disguise your height—your gait. They will take you for me. The corridors are obscure—you may cross the outer court undiscovered—and once in safety, you will join our friends. Away—away!"

La Mole obeyed his master's bidding, but without the least appearance of haste or fear.

"And I would have made that man a King!" he murmured to himself, as, dressed in the Duke's cloak and hat, he plunged into the tortuous and gloomy corridors of the Louvre. "That man a king! Ambition made me mad. Ay! worse than mad—a fool!"

The Duke of Alençon watched anxiously from his window, which dominated the outer court of the Louvre, for the appearance of that form, enveloped in his cloak; and when he saw La Mole pass unchallenged the gate leading within, he turned away from the window with an exclamation of satisfaction.

A minute afterwards the agents of the Queen-mother entered his apartment.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

ST. CECILIA.—ST. CATHERINE.

St. Cecilia and St. Catherine are the muses of Christian poetic art—the former presiding over Music and Song, the latter over Literature and Philosophy. In their character of patron saints, we might expect to find them often combined in the same picture; for the appropriate difference of expression in each—the grave, intellectual, contemplative dignity of St. Catherine, and the wrapt inspiration of St. Cecilia, present the most beautiful contrast that a painter could desire. It is, however, very seldom that we find them together; when grouped with other saints, St. Cecilia is generally in companionship with St. Agnes, and St. Catherine with St. Barbara, or Mary Magdalen. Even in single representations, with little as regards historical associations to shackle the fancy, and with all the scope afforded by the utmost diversity of treatment, it is surprising how seldom the individual character has been considered and embodied;—still more seldom has the ideal in either been attained.

The beautiful legend of St. Cecilia is one of the most ancient handed down to us by the early church. The veneration paid to her can be traced back to the third century, in which she is supposed to have lived; and there can be little doubt that the main incidents of her life and martyrdom are founded in fact, though mixed up with more than the usual amount of marvels, parables, and precepts, so as to render her story as mere a tissue of poetry and allegory as any fairy tale,—not the less attractive and profitable for edification in times when men listened and believed with the undoubting faith of children. In this, as in other instances, I shall make no attempt to separate historic truth from poetic fiction, but give the legend according to the ancient version, on which the painters founded their representations.

St. Cecilia was a noble Roman lady, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus (about 230). Her parents, who secretly professed Christianity, brought her up in their own faith, and from her earliest childhood she was remarkable for enthusiastic piety. She carried night and day a copy of the Gospel concealed in the bosom of her robe; and she made a secret but solemn vow to preserve her chastity, devoting herself to heavenly things, and shunning the pleasures and vanities of the world. As she excelled in music, she turned her good gift to the glory of God, and composed hymns, which she sang herself with such ravishing sweetness that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her, or to join their voices with hers. She played on all instruments, but none sufficed to breathe forth that flood of harmony with which her whole soul was filled; therefore she invented the organ, consecrating it to the service of God.*

When she was about sixteen, her parents married her to a young Roman, virtuous, rich, and of noble birth, named Valerian. He was, however, still in the darkness of the old religion. Cecilia, in obedience to her parents, accepted of the husband they had ordained for her; but beneath her bridal robes she put on a coarse garment of penance, and as she walked to the temple, renewed her vow of chastity, praying to God that she might have strength to keep it:—and it so fell out: for, by her fervent eloquence, she not only persuaded her husband Valerian to respect her vow, but converted him to the true faith. And she sent him to seek the aged Saint Urban,—who, being persecuted by the heathens, had sought refuge in the Catacombs.—and by him the conversion of Valerian was perfected, and he was baptized; and, returning home to his wife, he heard, as he entered, the most enchanting music; and on reaching her chamber, he found there an angel, who was standing near her, and who held in his hand two crowns of roses gathered in Paradise, immortal in their freshness and perfume, but invisible to the eyes of unbelievers. With these he encircled the brows of Cecilia and Valerian, as they knelt before him; and he said to Valerian, "Because thou hast followed the chaste council of thy wife and hast believed her words, ask what thou wilt, it shall be granted to thee." And Valerian replied, "I have a brother named Tiburtius, whom I love as my own soul; grant that his eyes also may be opened to the truth." And the angel replied with a celestial smile, "Thy request, O Valerian, is pleasing to God, and ye shall both ascend to His presence, bearing the palm of martyrdom." And the angel having spoken these words, vanished. Soon afterwards Tiburtius entered the chamber, and perceiving the fragrance of the celestial roses, but not seeing them, and knowing that it was not the season for flowers, he was astonished. Then Cecilia, turning to him, explained to him the doctrines of the Gospel, and set before him all that Christ had done for us—contrasting his divine mission, and all he had done and suffered for men, with the gross worship of idols made of wood and stone; and she spoke with such a convincing fervour, such a heaven-inspired eloquence, that Tiburtius yielded at once, and hastened to Urban to be baptized and strengthened in the faith. And all three went about doing good, giving alms, and encouraging those who were put to death for Christ's sake, whose bodies they buried honourably.

Now there was in those days a wicked prefect of Rome, named Almachius, who governed in the emperor's absence; and he sent for Cecilia and her husband and brother, and commanded them to desist. And they said, "How can we desist from that which is our duty, for fear of anything that man can do to us?" The two brothers were thrown into a dungeon, and committed to the charge of a centurion named Maximus, whom they converted, and all three, refusing to join in the sacrifice to Jupiter, were put to death. And Cecilian

* "At length divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame,

And added length to solemn sounds," &c.

It is curious that the first organ, of which we have any distinct account, belonged to Julian the Apostate.

having washed their bodies with her tears, and wrapped them in her robes, buried them together in the cemetery of Calixtus. Then the wicked Almachius, covetous of the wealth which Cecilia had inherited, sent for her, and commanded her to sacrifice to the gods, threatening her with horrible tortures in case of refusal; but she only smiled; and those who stood by wept to see one so young and so beautiful persisting in what they termed obstinacy and rashness, and entreated her to yield; but she refused, and by her eloquent appeal so touched their hearts, that forty persons declared themselves Christians, and ready to die with her. Then Almachius, struck with terror and rage, exclaimed, "What art thou, woman!" and she answered, "I am a Roman of noble race." He said, "I ask of thy religion?" and she said, "Thou blind one, thou art already answered!" Almachius, more and more enraged, commanded that they should carry her back to her own house, and fill her bath with boiling water, and cast her into it; but it had no more effect on her body than if she had bathed in a fresh spring. Then Almachius sent an executioner to put her to death with the sword; but his hand trembled, so that after having given her three wounds in the neck and breast, he went his way, leaving her bleeding, and half dead. She lived, however, for the space of three days, which she spent in prayers and exhortations to the converts, distributing to the poor all she possessed; and she called to her St. Urban, and desired that her house, in which she then lay dying, should be converted into a place of worship for the Christians. Thus full of faith and charity, and singing with her sweet voice praises and hymns to the last moment, she died at the end of three days, and was buried by Urban in the same cemetery with her husband.

According to her wish the house of St. Cecilia was consecrated as a church, the chamber in which she suffered martyrdom being regarded as a spot of peculiar sanctity. There is mention of a council held in the Church of St. Cecilia by Pope Symmachus, in the year 500. Afterwards, in the troubles and invasions of the barbarians, this ancient church fell into ruin, and was rebuilt by Pope Paschal I. in the 9th century. It is related that, while engaged in this work, Paschal had a dream, in which St. Cecilia appeared to him, and revealed the spot in which she lay buried; accordingly, search was made, and her body was found in the cemetery of Calixtus, wrapped in a shroud of gold tissue, and round her feet a linen cloth dipped in her blood; near her were the remains of Valerian, Tiburtius and Maximus, which, together with hers, were deposited in the same church, now St. Cecilia in *Trastevere*. On the vault of the absis still exists the mosaic, executed in the time of Pope Paschal I. It represents the Saviour in the midst;—on his right hand St. Peter; behind St. Peter, St. Cecilia, holding her martyr-crown in her hand; and next to her, St. Valerian, her husband; on the other side of Christ, St. Paul, St. Agatha, and Pope Paschal.

In the year 1599 this ancient church was again repaired and sumptuously embellished by Cardinal Sfondrati; and under the high altar he placed the beautiful and celebrated statue of 'St. Cecilia living Dead,' the work of Stefano Maderno. It has been pointed out by Sir Charles Bell as a perfect example of expression; * but I think he mistakes in calling it *decollata*, for St. Cecilia, according to the legend, was wounded in the neck, not decapitated.

As a subject of painting, St. Cecilia is so familiar, the attributes are so well known and little varied, that she is easily distinguished. Those representations which may be regarded as authorities, as types to be followed, show her crowned with red and white roses (the roses gathered in Paradise), attended by an angel, and holding music in her hand; an organ, or some other musical instrument, is near her. As the patroness of Sacred Music, she is frequently represented on the doors of organs, sometimes playing and singing, sometimes crowned by an angel. On the organ of an ancient church at Mantua, I remember seeing her martyrdom and apotheosis.

The oldest of all the representations of St. Cecilia is a rude picture or drawing discovered on the wall of the catacomb called the Cemetery of St. Lorenzo. It is a half-length, without any attributes but the martyr-crown, and her name written above: it is engraved in D'Agincourt, and the 'Roman Sotterana.' More modern representations, in which she figures as the patron saint of Music, either alone or with other Saints, never omit the attributes of the palm, the musical instruments, and attendant angel. The most celebrated of all is the picture by Raphael, the 'St. Cecilia of Bologna,' painted by him for the altar piece of her chapel in the Church San Giovanni in Monte, near Bologna. She stands in the centre, habited in a rich robe of golden tint, and her hair confined by a band of jewels. In her hand she bears a small organ—but seems about to drop it, as she looks up, listening with ecstatic expression to a group of angels, who are singing above. Scattered and broken at her feet lie the instruments of secular music, the pipe, flute, tabor, &c. To the right of St. Cecilia stands St. Paul, leaning on his sword; behind him is St. John the Evangelist, with the eagle at his feet; to the left, in front, the Magdalen, as already described, and behind her St. Augustine.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has given us a beautiful parody or version of this celebrated picture, in his portrait of Mrs. Billington—but instead of the organ he has placed a music-book in her hands. Another version of a St. Cecilia is his portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, in the possession of Lord Lansdowne; she is seen in profile, seated before an organ, and accompanies two angels who are chanting hymns beside her.

In an extraordinary old picture by Lucas v. Leyden, she is standing, dressed in a rich costume—her hair bound with a small jewelled turban: a little angel,

* "The body lies on its side, the limbs a little drawn up; the hands are delicate and fine,—they are not locked, but crossed at the wrists: the arms are stretched out. The drapery is beautifully modelled, and modestly covers the limbs. The head is enveloped in linen, but the general form is seen, and the artist has contrived to convey by its position, though not offensively, that it is separated from the body. A gold circlet is around the neck, to conceal the place of decollation. It is the statue of a lady, perfect in form, and affecting from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of white marble, and the unspotted appearance of the statue altogether. It lies as no living body could lie, and yet correctly, as the dead when left to expire,—I mean, in the gravitation of the limbs." Cardinal Barronius has given us an exact description of the appearance of the body buried by Pope Paschal, when exhumed by order of Cardinal Sfondrati in 1599. He was present, and probably Stefano Maderno, then in the employment of the Cardinal as sculptor and architect, was also present. "She was lying," says Barronius, "not in the manner of one dead and buried, that is, on her back, but on her right side, as one asleep; and in a very modest attitude; covered with a simple stuff of taffety, having her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk, which Pope Paschal had found in her tomb." The statue of Maderno was intended to commemorate the attitude in which she was found, and agrees exactly with this description.

with frizzled hair (much like a wig), sustains in the air a small church organ, on which she plays with one hand, blowing the bellows with the other. The expression of the face, as she listens, rapt, to her own sweet music—the odd, but poetical conception—the vivid splendour of the colouring, are very remarkable. St. Agnes, as usual, is the *pendant*. The figures are about one-third the size of life: the original picture is at Munich, but a beautiful copy in glass may be seen in the collection of the School of Design at Somerset House. Parmigiano has represented her as seated before a harpsichord.

By Domenichino, there are six single figures of St. Cecilia as patron saint, besides the series from her life, of which we shall speak presently. The most beautiful of the single figures, is the half-length which represents her in rich drapery of violet and amber colour, embroidered with gold and jewels; her hair crowned with red and white roses, and holding the palm an angel is seen behind, and an organ is to the right. The noble air of the head, and the calm intellectual expression of the features, seem however better suited to a St. Catherine than a St. Cecilia.* In the other single figures, Domenichino has adopted a sort of oriental costume, not well suited to the "Roman lady" of the third century; the roses are discarded, and she wears a large turban decorated with jewels. In the picture in the Louvre, an angel stands before her, sustaining the music-book, from which she sings, accompanying herself on the viol. In Lord Lansdowne's picture, she is seen half-length, with a white turban, and singing to the viol. In the Borghese picture she is listening to angels. In another, in the Regispirosi Palace, she is attended by a chorus of angels, some of whom hold her music-book and others various instruments.

In the Dresden Gallery is a St. Cecilia by Carlo Dolce, playing on the organ: the head is declined; she is looking down on the keys: the hair loose, and without ornament; the face mild and beautiful, but without character or expression. In a fresco, by B. Campi, in the church of St. Sigismund, near Verona, St. Cecilia is seated before an organ, playing: she wears the rich Florentine costume of the sixteenth century; near her St. Catherine standing, seems to listen to the heavenly strains of her companion. This is the only picture in which I can remember to have seen St. Cecilia and St. Catherine represented together: it is a noble conception. I recollect a picture, by Velasquez, once in the gallery of M. d'Aguado, at Paris, in which St. Cecilia rests one hand on a viol, and holds a bassoon in the other. Mignard's picture, in the Louvre, represents her playing on the harp: a little angel at her side is singing from a music-book.

There are many other examples by modern painters, principally of the Bologna school. The latest is the St. Cecilia of Paul Delaroche, in which she is seated on a raised throne, with one hand touching the keys of an organ, which is sustained by two kneeling angels. A very exquisite finished drawing of this subject is in the possession of Mr. Macready. On the whole, the conception is very pure and elegant in taste, but rather too *still*—too sculptural: it would be beautiful in a bas-relief.

Pictures from the life of St. Cecilia are frequent in the Italian schools: the most ancient of which there is any mention, is, or rather was, a series of frescoes painted in the portico of her church at Rome, supposed to have been executed by Byzantine painters in the ninth century, by order of Pope Paschal I. These were destroyed when the church was repaired in the seventeenth century, but correct copies were previously made, which exist in the library of the Barberini Palace. Two of the subjects are engraved in D'Agincourt as specimens of the Greco-Italian style: one represents St. Cecilia laid in the tomb; the other the dream or vision of Pope Paschal in which she appeared to him; the Pope is asleep on his throne, with his tiara on his head, and the Saint stands before him †.

Domenichino painted the history of St. Cecilia in a series of five large frescoes in a chapel of the Church of San Luigi, at Rome.—1. She distributes all her possessions to the poor; she is standing in the balcony of her house, while a crowd of eager, half-naked wretches are seen below. 2. An angel crowns with roses St. Cecilia and Valerian as they kneel on each side. 3. St. Cecilia refuses to sacrifice to idols. 4. Her martyrdom; she lies wounded to death on some marble steps: St. Urban blesses her. 5. She is carried into heaven by angels.

The martyrdom of St. Cecilia has been treated several times with great beauty. There is the large picture by Giulio Romano, in which she kneels, and the executioner stands by with uplifted sword. This is rather a commonplace version, though finely painted: much finer, as a conception, is that of Poussin, where St. Cecilia lies in a rich chamber, dying of her wounds, while St. Urban and others stand by lamenting. The most striking version of this subject I have ever seen, is a picture by Giulio Procaccino, in the Brera at Milan. It was, evidently, painted for a particular locality, being on a high narrow panel, the figure larger than life, and the management of the space and the foreshortening very skilful and fine. She leans back, dying in the arms of an angel; the countenance, raised towards heaven, full of tender enthusiastic faith: one little angel draws a weapon from her breast, the other, weeping, holds the palm branch and the wreath of roses.

I have already mentioned the admirable recumbent statue of Maderno in her church at Rome. There is a picture in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, by Johan Schoeffer, in which he has copied, with good effect, the pose of Maderno's figure, and added two angels behind, one weeping, one holding over her the palm branch.

On the whole, St. Cecilia is not so frequent a subject of painting as we might have expected from the beauty and antiquity of her legend. She has been a favourite with the Roman and Bolognese school, but comparatively neglected by the Venetian, Spanish and German painters; and, in point of general popularity, she yields both to St. Catherine and St. Barbara.

ANOTHER ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

This beach [on Charles Island, one of the Gallapagos] got its name from an Irishman who many years ago resided on this island for a long time, the sole inhabitant, except when a runaway sailor or two would join him. His history as far as is known, was that of a very daring, reckless, and strange being. He belonged to several ships on the coast, and was in many of the revolutionary wars, so common in Chili, Peru, Colombia, &c. At last he formed one of the crew of a whale ship which was cruising round those islands; the Captain of

* This fine picture is in the collection of Mr. Wells, of Redleaf: there is a superb engraving by Sharp.

† The fragment of fresco, containing these two subjects, is still in existence and preserved in the church. It is worth remarking, that St. Cecilia wears a linen head-dress, folded like a turban; and as great attention was drawn to these remains just when Domenichino was painting at Rome, they probably suggested the idea of painting her in a turban.

her having a great deal of trouble with him, he having formed several plots of mutiny, to take the ship, there being no feeling of security as long as he was on board, he was landed on the southern extremity of Albemarle Island. Here water being extremely scarce, he was nearly famishing, and would have died from the want of it, but that he squeezed the juice out of the prickly pear and cabbage tree. This was a substitute, which saved his life. As to food, he had plenty of doves and terrapin, or the land tortoise, which is excellent. After some months the captain of an American whale ship humanely took him off, and landed him, at his own request, on Charles's Island, with which he was familiar, and which he knew possessed plenty of fine water from springs. He was landed on the beach in question, from which there is a complete and naturally beautiful avenue up to the mountains: and nearly at the summit of one of them there is a spot of excellent land, of four or five acres in extent, nearly surrounded with high hills; in fact, there is only one pass into it. On this level he erected his house or hut, and had a great deal of it under cultivation; so much so, that he had a quantity of vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, pumpkins, Indian corn, melons, with plenty of hogs and poultry; those he sold for years to the shipping. He also dug a well on his farm, and though in high land, at a moderate depth obtained a good supply of fine water. I understood that his chief dress consisted of a seal skin cap over his red bushy hair, a red flannel shirt, and pair of flannel drawers, with seal skin moccasins on his feet. He never went without his gun, particularly when he had those runaways with him; neither did he sleep two nights in the same place. He knew every cave and secret spot on the island, and occasionally used them for dormitories. Now, it is a strange circumstance, and yet a fact, that this man, whenever those runaway sailors resided on the island, would enforce subjection, and actually compelled them to work his farm for him. They were soon glad to separate from him by joining, on any terms, the first ship that came in. He was often greatly blamed (though I believe unjustly), for inducing sailors to leave their ships, and in one case he suffered for it. An American whale ship put in there, and two of the crew, who had been severely treated on board, took to the bush, and Pat was blamed for harbouring them. Captain Bunker, of Nantucket, who commanded the ship, invited him on board, and in ignorance of what had occurred, or the men leaving, he accepted the invitation. As soon as he came on board, he was tied up and severely flogged, then handcuffed, and landed on the beach to die or live as he might, with his hands fast, and no one to loose them. It was a murdering, brutal act of this ruffianly captain. The ship sailed the next day, and left him to his fate. Pat, however, was not to die in this manner; for in his seal-skin cap, which was, fortunately for him, not removed from his head, he had two files, one of which, with both hands he drove firmly into a tree; he then patiently and perseveringly commenced and continued the operation of filing through the handcuffs, until he freed himself. He then for ever vowed vengeance against the captain who treated him so, if ever he should be in his power. He had an iron frame, a strong and well cultivated mind. He had received a good education in his youth; this to a character like him, made him doubly mischievous. A few months afterwards, as he was round at the other side of the island, after seal, in his boat, which he called the *Black Prince*, he fell in with an English whale ship. From the crew, he learned that he would soon have visitors, as two or three American ships were to call at the island. One of them was that on board of which he had been so barbarously treated. He had at this time four men with him. On hearing this news, he pulled directly round to his landing-place. In a few days after, the expected ships arrived. He determined not to appear, but watch them well, and keep his men out of sight. The three captains, one of whom was Bunker, pulled on shore, and in a bottle, made fast to a pole on the beach, they found a note written by Pat, stating that, from the bad treatment he often received, he had left the island for ever, and that whoever would arrive first would find plenty of everything in his garden. I may here remark, that this method generally forms a South Sea post office, where one ship leaves a memorandum for the next. The skippers concluded that all was right, and that there was no one on the island; and after walking about a little, they agreed to come on shore the next day to have a picnic dinner, and to send their men up and plunder the garden. Pat was concealed so near that he heard all, and made his arrangements accordingly. Next day they came on shore, and brought their cold meat and wines away up the valley to a pleasant green plot, where they had a view of the ships, but not of the landing place they came to. They had four boats on shore, hauled well up on the beach. They enjoyed themselves for hours, when one went up to an eminence near to have a look round. He no sooner got a view of the beach than he came back like a madman, and told them their boats were knocked about and to come down at once. Those tyrannical rascals were now completely cowards; they left all and ran as quickly as they could down to the beach, where they found the four boats, oars, and all in pieces; also a large slip of paper, with "remember the handcuffs" on it; also, "Bunker, I'll have you yet." There was an instant signal made to the ships to send a boat; fortunately for them it was instantly answered. They were scarcely seated and shoved off, when a bullet from a gun on shore whistled among them and through the boat. In another instant, three shots were fired after them, but they were safe, and out of reach of the guns. Pat then showed himself on the beach, gun in hand, and waved his cap over his head in triumph. No one came on shore to pick up the fragments. Those ships got under weigh in the evening, and disappeared. So much for barbarity on one side, and revenge on the other. This wild and savage man lived, I believe, about 18 or 20 years on this island, but did not die here. He went in his open boat, the *Black Prince*, more than once, in on the coast a distance of 600 miles; but the water is always smooth here, so it is not to be wondered at. The last time that he went was to Guyaquil, and thinking he might as well have a queen for his beautiful island, of which he was the sole and daring monarch, after, I suppose, telling all manner of inducing stories, there was the wife of a Spaniard who agreed to accompany him. She was actually in the boat, and they about to shove off, when the Spaniard jumped in to bring back his wife. A struggle ensued; "Pat" was stabbed to the heart, and fell dead in the bottom of his *Black Prince*. Such was the termination of the career of this extraordinary man. He is reported to have been always warm-hearted and kind to those who were at all friendly to him, but implacably revengeful to those who ill-used or insulted him. * * * There is scarcely an uninhabited island in those seas, in the thoroughfare of shipping, that has not its Robinson Crusoe on it. In one respect there is an inducement to live on them; and that is by the sale of their produce to seamen, who are very glad to get a fresh supply of fresh vegetables occasionally. Then, again, the great feeling of ease of mind and independence. The only real annoyance those isolated men meet with, is the occasional runaway sailor, who hides in the bush until the ship sails, and then asks shelter from the monarch of the isle; and perhaps afterwards ill treats or otherwise annoys him.—*Coulter's Adventures in the Pacific.*

BERMUDA.

"Heaven bless the little fairy isle;
How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile,
Serenely o'er its cedar hills."

The above is one of the many allusions of the bard of Erin to the Bermudas, — a cluster of small islands, about six days' sail from New York; from whose amiable inhabitants, I doubt not, some one or more of the readers of this paper, have experienced kindness; and whom sickness or shipwreck may have compelled to seek, — either health in their balmy atmosphere, or refuge in their security from the stormy wave.

My purpose in the present instance, is not to enter into any description of those islands — a key, in the hands of a great naval power to North America; but to submit for insertion in *The Anglo American*, some verses in allusion to the delightful spot, written by the late Sir Francis Forbes — a native of Bermuda, who with little to recommend him other than a knowledge of the legal profession, and an amiable and honourable mind and disposition, rose from comparative humble life as a practising attorney in Bermuda, — where his connections are highly respectable, — to be Chief Justice of Australia — one of the most important and probably flourishing dependencies of the British empire, and who subsequently received the honour of Knighthood from his Sovereign; accompanying the offering with a brief account of the early history and good fortune of that gentleman.

During the administration of General Hodgson in Bermuda some thirty five years since, difficulties having arisen owing to his impartial distribution of the patronage of government, Mr. Forbes then just entering life, and a young practitioner at the bar, espoused the cause of that officer, and was afterwards appointed one of the crown officers — a situation of little profit or importance in a small colony, where litigation to a trifling extent existed, and where the more aggravated crimes, which are common in larger and more promiscuous communities, were rarely known.

Four or five years after this event, Mr. Forbes visited England, taking with him a letter from another of the Governors of Bermuda to Earl Bathurst, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. A vacancy on the Bench at Newfoundland being then at his Lordship's disposal, was kindly offered to Mr. Forbes, who accepted it; and with his beautiful wife, the daughter of Dr. Grant at Jamaica, immediately repaired to that colony; where the suavity of his manners, the integrity of his life, and the impartiality of his administration of justice, so won upon its inhabitants, that much to their gratification, he became Chief Justice of Newfoundland.

From that period I knew little of that gentleman, except learning that while he maintained the dignity of his office in this wider sphere of usefulness and importance, he continued to win for himself the general confidence and esteem, until three or four years since, on reading the evidence taken before the House of Commons on the subject of Transportation, I found that of Sir Francis Forbes; the unobtrusive youth of "the still vexed Bermoothes" having been knighted, as I before observed, for the exercise of virtues and abilities, which although they are distinct from those more calculated to dazzle mankind and promote men to honour, are as creditable to human nature, more consonant with the dictates of humanity, and equally conducive to the best interests of society.

More recently however, Sir Francis Forbes has paid that debt which all must pay; and while "he sleeps his last sleep" in a distant land, far from his native island, he still lives in the recollection of those who knew him there; by whom will be cherished and appreciated, the following beautiful effusion from his pen in early life; exhibiting as it does those kindlier feelings that did not forsake him in more elevated station, or amid the blandishments and seductions of more prosperous fortune.

Bermuda! loveliest of the isles,
That gem the Atlantic seas;
Within whose rocky rampart smiles,
Thy guardian angel—Peace.
Thy skies so blue, thy hills so green,
So clear the waves, that show
The glittering fish, that swim between
The coral grotts below.

Where groves of palm and lemon bowers,
Obscure the peasant's cot;
Or blush with fruit, or breathe with flowers,
To cheer his simple lot.

Nor smile ye proud; no laurels here,
To grace ambition grow.—
Ah, me; how many an anguish'd tear
Bedews the laurel'd brow!

Lo, the poor nursling of the gale,—
Nor his yon bark besides;
Cheerful he trims its little sail,
And whistles as it glides.

Smooth as her course, on summer seas,
His days serenely float;
Enough for him yon ocean wide,
For every brother's boat.

Sweet sun-clad Isles! though oft hath come,
The sea-worn stranger here,
And found a hospitable home,
Yet mock'd its humble fare;

The grateful muse shall love the plain,
Where noble Somers died:
And, listening to a Waller's strain,
The cedar vallies sighed.

AMICUS.

New York, Feb. 20, 1846.

THE BOILING LAKES OF VOLTERRA.

"A mist, such as I have always fancied Ossian's mantle to be made of, enveloped the ancient city, or rather, we were in a thick cloud, which did not disperse till we had descended to the plain. A gleam of sunshine then broke through, and lighted up the extraordinary country around. Numbers of mules

laden with salt, from the *Salines*, were ascending to the government stores in the town, and groups of hardy peasantry, the duchy's pride, were hastening to market, the women in round beaver hats, the only peculiarity of their costumes, and unpleasing, because unfeminine. One old creature made us laugh; she was astride on her poney, hosed in grey worsted, her legs visible to the knees, her live poultry strung behind: she looked a living *Calot*. Five miles from Volterra we passed by the *Salines*, where the best salt in Italy is produced, intending to see the works on our return. After finding the broad bed of a river nearly dry, we came to the banks of the Cecina, where we were surprised and delighted to find an elegant suspension bridge of recent erection. Till that moment all within our view had been of that strange diluvial character to which I have twice before alluded as intersecting Tuscany. Dante is said to have visited the Fumacchi, and to have had this region in his mind when describing the Boige, in the opening of his eighteenth Canto—

There is a place within the depths of hell
Call'd Malebolge, all of rock, dark stain'd,
With hue ferruginous.

Cary's Translation.

But this beautiful bridge, or rather the river it embraces, seemed to change the face of nature, as by a spell. On the opposite bank all was verdant love lines, and the hill side thickly planted. Our ascent was through an oak wood, rarely seen in the part of Italy we inhabit; we fancied ourselves in old England once more, and proceeded in buoyant spirits with an active leader harnessed before our horses. The rider foretold rain, and urged vehemently our stopping at Pomarance, a small town half way from the Cecina to the Lagoons; but foreseeing no danger, I fancied the man had some motive of his own to answer, a sweetheart to see, perhaps, and we resolved not to indulge him; however, he proved no false prophet, a storm too soon gathered over our heads. Thunder rolled, torrents of rain fell, and the country had reassumed its wild, barren aspect; there was no shelter near, and to proceed was our only resource. Our minds were thus prepared for the horrific, when, by a turning of the road, we found ourselves amongst the rising vapours of what appeared to be a dozen volcanoes! and, approaching the nearest, we beheld a small lake, like a great cauldron, boiling so furiously as to produce high waves, the water of the blackest hue, perhaps from the dark clouds over it, and the effluvia strong as smelling salts, mixed with sulphur. The fearful scene, with the roar of rushing waters, awed and confounded us. After standing near the brink as long as we could endure the heat, stench, and dashing of the spray, the director, to whom we had a letter, conducted us to the works, where the boiling element is, by a simple process, converted into sal-borax. As soon as we were under cover from the rain, this very obliging person patiently explained to us that these mountains, for thirty miles round, contain, in various places, lagoons or morasses, composed of sulphur and alum, to a considerable depth, which, he said, for centuries had been the terror of the country people, from the vapours and smell they emitted. The largest of the lagoons he spoke of as a volcano, and called it Mount Cerbole or Cerberi, telling us the peasantry had believed it, from the earliest pagan times, to be an entrance into the infernal regions, and never approached it without invoking the Madonna and the saints; superstitions dread prevented all attempts at cultivation, and the land was deemed accursed. If their cattle wandered near Mount Cerberi, they foundered in the burning morasses; even human beings lost limbs by stepping unawares into treacherous pitfalls, which burnt them instantly to the bone. A celebrated chemist, whose name I have forgotten, was lost while exploring those awful lagoons for scientific purposes. At length Musagni, the anatomist, discovered that they contained borax, but the salt is only formed when water is introduced which suggested the experiment of excavating and forming them into shallow pools or basins, by conducting the mountain streams into each. The result was fully successful; the combustible matter beneath keeps the liquid in a continued state of ebullition, by which it absorbs one per cent. of borax acid in twenty-four hours. Since our return, I learn what, on account of the heavy rain, we could not see on the spot, that the proprietor has availed himself of the position of the lagoons, letting the waters of the higher ones, in the mountain recesses, flow into those of the next in elevation, after twenty-four hours' ebullition, and so on, descending through seven or eight pools, to those immediately around the works, by which process the acid gains considerable strength before it is conveyed into the evaporating pans. These are shallow leaden cisterns, nine or ten feet square, placed one lower than the other down the centre of a great room, like a flight of steps. Under these hot vapour is conveyed by several flues, from an opening in the combustible ground without. The expense of fuel for evaporating and drying was greater than the produce of borax, until Count Lardarelli happily thought of employing the natural volcanic heat which the earth supplies so abundantly. The impregnated liquid, thus kept at the boiling point, after remaining a few hours in each, is drawn off by syphons through twelve or fifteen of these cisterns in succession, till passing by a pipe through the wall, it settles in the crystalizing vessels without; there the salt forms, which is then carried to the lofts above, where it becomes in a short time perfectly dry, without other heat than that communicated to the floor by the cisterns beneath. After which economical process, the proprietor has no further expense than having the sal-borax packed in barrels for exportation. The boiling lakes or pools amount to three hundred! The purchase of the mountains where he formed them, the capital expended in warehouses, wages to the workmen, all included, this valuable commodity, so indispensable in England, costs him, I am assured, only six pauls per hundred weight, little more than half a crown, and sells for 105 pauls, or £2 7s., at the present rate of exchange. This fortunate French speculatist has disposed of a third share of the concern for £120,000; he has a fine place near Pomarance, where, had he been at home, we were told, he would have entertained us hospitably and handsomely; he has a palace of his own erecting at Leghorn, which fame reports to be worthy of having started into existence under the spell of Aladdin's wonderful lamp.—*Bye Ways of Italy.*

MY FIRST AND LAST CHAMOIS HUNT.

"Es ist Zeit zu aufstehen—es ist drei viertel auf eins," said a voice in reply to my question, "Wer ist da?" as I was awakened by a low knock at my door. I had just composed myself to sleep for the second time, as this "It is time to get up, it wants a quarter of one," aroused me. I was in the mountain valley of Grindelwald in the very heart of the Oberland. I had been wandering for weeks amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, which had gone on changing from grand to awful till I had become as familiar with precipices, and gorges, and glaciers, and snow-peaks, and avalanches, as with the meadow-spots and hill sides of my native valley. I had stood in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and seen the sun go down on his bosom of snow, until, from the base to the heaven-

reaching summit, it was all one transparent rose colour, blushing and glowing in bright and wondrous beauty in the evening atmosphere. I had stood and gazed on him and his mountain guard, tinted with the same deep rose-hue, till their glory departed, and Mont Blanc rose, white, and cold, and awful, like a mighty model in the pale moonlight. I had wandered over its sea of ice, and climbed its break-neck precipices, and trod the difficult passes that surround it, but never yet had seen a wild chamois on its native hills. I had roamed through the Oberland with no better success. All that I had heard and dreamed of the Alps had been more than realized. Down the bosom of the Jangfrau I had seen the reckless avalanche stream, and listened all night to its thunder crash in the deep gulfs, sending its solemn monotone through the Alpine solitudes, till my heart stood still in my bosom. From the highest peak of the Wetterhorn (peak of tempests) I had seen one of those "thunderbolts of snow" launch itself in terror and might into the very path I was treading—crushed by its own weight into a mere mist that rose up the face of the precipice, like spray from the foot of a waterfall. With its precipices leaning over me, I had walked along with silent lips and subdued feelings, as one who trod near the margin of Jehovah's mantle. I had never been so humbled in the presence of nature before, and a whole world of new emotions and new thoughts had been opened within me. Along the horizon of my memory some of those wondrous peaks were now drawn as distinctly as they lay along the Alpine heavens. Now and then, a sweet pasturage had burst on me from amid this savage scenery, like a sudden smile on the brow of wrath, while the wild strain of the Alp-horn, ringing through the rare atmosphere, and the clear voices of the mountaineers singing their "*ranz de vaches*," as they led their herds along the mountain path to their eagle-nested huts, had turned it all into poetry. If a man wishes to have remembrances that never grow old, and never lose their power to excite the deepest wonder, let him roam through the Oberland.

But I like to have forgotten the hunt I started to describe, in the wonderful scenery its remembrance called up. Grindelwald is a green valley lying between the passes of the Wengern Alp and the Grand Scheideck, which are between three and four thousand feet above it, and are, in turn, surrounded by mountains six or seven thousand feet loftier still, although the valley itself is higher than the tops of the Catskill range. The rise in solemn majesty, as to wall in for ever the little valley, the Eigher, or Giant—the Schreckhorn, or terrible peak—the Wetterhorn, or peak of tempests—the Faulhorn, or foul peak—the Grand Scheideck, and a little farther away the Jungfrau, or virgin. Thus surrounded, and overlooked, and guarded for ever, the green valley sleeps on as if unconscious of the presence of such awful forms. Here and there, by the stream that wanders through it, and over the green slopes that go modestly up to the mountain on either side, are scattered wooden cottages, as if thrown there by some careless hand, presenting from the heights around one of the most picturesque views one meets in Switzerland. When the sun has left his last baptism on the high snow-peaks, and deep shadow is settling down on Grindelwald, there is a perfect storm of sound through the valley from the thousands of bells that are attached to the nearly six thousand of cattle the inhabitants keep in the pasturage during the day. The clamor of these bells in a still Alpine valley, made louder by the mountains that shut in the sound, is singularly wild and pleasing.

But the two most remarkable objects in this valley are two enormous glaciers which, borne far up amid the mountains—grown there among the gulfs into seas—come streaming down into these green pasturages, plunging their foreheads into the flat ground which lies even lower than the village. Rocks are thrown up, and even small hills, by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass. Miles of ice, from sixty to six hundred feet thick, push against the mass in front which meets the valley. One immense rock, which seems a mere projection from the primeval base of the mountains, has resisted the pressure of one of these immense glaciers, which, consequently, has forced itself over, leaving a huge cave from its foot up to where the rock lies imbedded. I went into this cavern, the roof of which was blue as heaven and polished like a mirror, while a still pool at the bottom acted as a mirror to this mirror, till it stood confined as in a magic circle. These two glaciers push themselves boldly almost into the very heart of the village, chilling its air and acting like huge refrigerators, especially at evening. The day previous to the one appointed for the chamois hunt had been one of extreme toil to me. I had travelled from morning till night, and most of the time on foot in deep snow, although a July sun pretended to be shining overhead. Unable to sleep, I had risen about midnight and opened my window, when I was startled as though I had seen an apparition; for there before me, and apparently within reach of my hand, and whiter than the moonlight that was poured in a perfect flood upon it, stood one of those immense glaciers. The night had lessened even the little distance that intervened between the hamlet and it during the day, and it looked like some awful white monster—some sudden and terrific creation of the gods, moved there on purpose to congeal men's hearts with terror. But as my eye grew more familiar to it, and I remembered it was but an Alpine glacier, I gazed on it with indescribable feelings. From the contemplation of this white and silent form I had just returned to my couch and to my slumbers, when the exclamation at the head of this sketch awoke me. It was one o'clock in the morning, and I must up if I would fulfil my engagement with the chamois hunters.

In coming down the slope of the Grand Scheideck into the Grindelwald, you see on the opposite mountain a huge mass of rock rising out of the centre of a green pasturage which rises at the base of an immense snow region. Flats and hollows, no matter how high up among the Alps, become pasturages in the summer. The debris of the mountains above, washed down by the torrents, form a slight soil, on which grass will grow, while the snows melted by the summer sun flow down upon it, keeping it constantly moist and green. These pasturages, though at an elevation of eight thousand feet, will keep green, while the slopes and peaks around are covered with perpetual snow; and furnish not only grazing for the goats which the mountaineer leads thither with the first break of day, but food for the wild chamois, which descend from the snow fields around at early dawn to take their morning repast. With the first sound of the shepherd's horn winding up the cliffs with his flocks, they hie them away again to their inaccessible paths. The eye of the chamois is wonderfully keen, and it is almost impossible to approach him when he is thus feeding. The only way the hunter can get a shot at him is to arrive at the pasturage first, and find some place of concealment near by, in which he can wait his approach. The pile of rocks I alluded to, standing in the midst of the elevated pasturage, furnished such a place of concealment, and seemed made on purpose for the hunter's benefit.

It is two or three good hours' tramp to reach these rocks from Grindelwald, and it may be imagined with how much enthusiasm I turned out of my bed, where I had obtained scarcely two hours' sleep, on such a cold expedition as this. It is astonishing how differently a man views things at night and in the

morning. The evening before I was all excitement in anticipation of the morning hunt, but now I would willingly have given all I had promised the three hunters who were to accompany me, if I could only have lain still and taken another nap. I looked out of the window, hoping to see some indications of a storm which would furnish an excuse for not turning out in the cold midnight to climb an Alpine mountain. But for once the heavens were provokingly clear, and the stars twinkled over the distant snow summits as if they enjoyed the clear frosty air of that high region; while the full-orbed moon, just stooping behind the western horizon, (which, by the way, was much nearer the zenith than the horizon proper,) looked the Eiger (a giant) full in his lordly face, till his brow of ice and snow shone like silver in the light. With our rifles in our hands we emerged from the inn and passed through the sleeping hamlet. Not a sound broke the stillness save the monotonous roar of the turbulent little streamlet that went hurrying onward, or now and then the cracking and crushing sound of the ice amid the glaciers.

I had hunted deer in the forests of America, both at evening and morning, but never with teeth chattering so loudly as they did before I had fairly begun to ascend the mountain. Ugh! I can remember it as if it were but yesterday—how my bones ached, and my fingers closed like so many sticks around my rifle. Imagine the effect of two heaps of red hot coals, about a hundred feet thick and several miles long, lifted to an angle of forty-five degrees, in a small and confined valley, and then by contrast you may get some idea of the cold generated by these two enormous glaciers. Yes, I say generated; for I gave up that morning all my old notions about cold being the absence of heat, &c., and became perfectly convinced that heat was the *absence of cold*, for if cold did not radiate from those masses of ice, then there is no reliance to be placed on one's sensations.

Now crawling over the rocks, now picking our way over the snow-crust, which bore us or not, just as the whim took it, I at length slipped and fell and rolled over in the snow, by way of a cold bath. This completed my discomfort, and I fairly groaned aloud in vexation at my stupidity in taking this freezing tramp for the sake of a chamois, which, after all we might not get. But the continuous straining effort demanded by the steepness of the ascent finally got my blood in full circulation, and I began to think there might be a worse expedition even than this undertaken by a sensible man.

At length we reached the massive pile of rocks, which covered at least an acre and a half of ground, and began to bestow ourselves away in the most advantageous places of concealment, of which there was an abundance. But a half-hour's sitting on the rocks in this high region, surrounded by everlasting snow, brought my blood from its barely comfortable temperature back to zero again, and I shook like a man in an ague. I knew that a chamois would be perfectly safe at any distance greater than two feet from the muzzle of my rifle, with such shaking limbs; so I began to leap about, and rub my legs, and stamp, to the no small annoyance of my fellow-hunters, who were afraid the chamois might see me before we should see them. Wearied with waiting for the dawn, I climbed up among the rocks, and resting myself in a cavity secure from notice, gazed around me on the wondrous scene. Strangely white forms arose on every side, while deep down in the valley the darkness lay like a cloud. Not a sound broke the deep hush that lay on everything, and I forgot for the time my chilliness, chamois hunters and all, in the impressive scene that surrounded me. As I sat in mute silence gazing on the awful peaks that tore up the heavens in every direction, suddenly there came a dull heavy sound like the booming of heavy cannon through the jarred atmosphere. An avalanche had fallen all alone into some deep abyss, and this was the voice it sent back as it crashed below. As that low thunder sound died away over the peaks, a feeling of awe and mystery crept over me, and it seemed dangerous to speak in the presence of such majesty and power.

"Hist! hist!" broke from my companions below; and I turned to where their eyes were strained through the dim twilight. It was a long time before I could discover anything but snow fields and precipices; but at length I discerned several moving black objects that in the distance appeared like so many insects on the white slope that stretched away towards the summit of the mountain. Bringing my pocket spy-glass to bear upon them, I saw they were chamois moving down towards the pasturage. Now carefully crawling down some ledge, now leaping over a crevice and jumping a few steps forward, and now gently trotting down the inclined plain of snow, they made their way down the mountain. As the daylight grew broader over the peaks, and they approached nearer, their movements and course became more distinct and evident. They were making for the upper end of the pasturage, and it might be two hours before they would work down to our ambushade; indeed, they might get their fill without coming near us at all. I watched them through my spy glass as they fed without fear on the green herbage, and almost wished they would keep out of the range of our rifles. They were the perfect impersonation of wildness and timidity. The lifting of the head, the springy tread and the quick movement in every limb, told how little it would take to send them with the speed of the wind to their mountain homes. The chamois is built something like the tame goat, only slighter, while his fore legs are longer than his hinder ones, so that he slants downward from his head to his tail. His horns are beautiful, being a jet black, and rising in parallel line from his head even to the point where they curve overt. They neither incline backward nor outward, but, rising straight out of the head, seem to project forward, while their parallel position almost to the tips of the curvature gives them a very crank appearance. They are as black as ebony, and some of them bend in as true a curve as if turned by the most skilful hand.

I watched every movement of these wild creatures till my attention was arrested by a more attractive sight. The sun had touched the topmost peaks of the loftiest mountains that hemmed in the sweet valley of Grindelwald, turning the snow into fire, till the lordly summits seemed to waver to and fro in the red light that bathed them. A deep shadow still lay on the vale, through which the cottages of the inhabitants could scarcely be distinguished. At length they grew clearer and clearer in the increasing light, and column after column of smoke rose in the morning air, striving in vain to reach half way up the mountains that stood in silent reverence before the uprising sun. The ruddy light had descended down the Alps, turning them all into a deep rose colour. There stood the Giant, robed like an angel; and there the Schreckhorn, beautiful as the morning; and there the Faulhorn, with the same glorious appareling on; and farther away the Jungfrau, looking indeed like a virgin, with all her snowy vestments about her, tinged with the hue of the rose. All around and heaven high rose these glorious forms, looking as if the Deity had thrown the mantle of his majesty over them on purpose to see how they became their glorious appareling.

It was a scene of enchantment. At length the mighty orb which had wrought all this magnificent change on the Alpine peaks, rose slowly into view. How majestic he came up from behind that peak, as if conscious of the glory

he was shedding on creation. The dim glaciers that before lay in shadow flashed out like seas of silver—the mountains faded away into their virgin white, and it was broad sunrise in the Alps.

I had forgotten the chamois in this sudden unrolling of so much magnificence before me, and lay absorbed in the overpowering emotions they naturally awakened, when the faint and far off strain of the shepherd's horn came floating by. The mellow notes lingered among the rocks, and were prolonged in softer cadences through the deep valleys, and finally died away on the distant summits. A shepherd was on his way to this pasturage with his goats. He wears a horn, which he now and then winds to keep his flock in the path; and also during the day, when he sees any one of the number straying too near pitfalls and crevices, he blows his horn, and the straggler turns back to the pasturage.

A second low exclamation from my Swiss hunters again drew my attention to the chamois. They also had heard the sound of the horn, and had pricked up their ears, and stood listening. A second strain sounding nearer and clearer, they started for the snow fields. As good luck would have it, they came at a trot in a diagonal line across the pasturage which would bring them in close range of our rifles. We lay all prepared, and when they came opposite us, one of the hunters made a low sound which caused them all to stop. At a given signal we all fired. One gave a convulsive spring into the air, ran a few rods, and fell mortally wounded. The rest, winged with fear and terror, made for the heights. I watched their rapid flight for some distance when I noticed that one began to flag, and finally dropped entirely behind. Poor fellow, thought I to myself, you are struck. His leap grew slower and slower till at length he stopped, then gave a few faint springs forward, then stopped again, and seemed to look wistfully towards his flying companions that vanished like shadows over the snow fields that sloped up to the inaccessible peaks. I could not but pity him as I saw him limp painfully on. In imagination I could already see the life-blood oozing drop by drop from his side, bringing faintness over his heart and exhaustion to his fleet limbs.

Losing sight of him for the moment, we hastened to the one that lay struggling in his last dying efforts upon the grass. I have seen deer die that my bullet had brought down, and as I gazed on the wild yet gentle eye, expressing no anger even in death, but only fear and terror, my heart has smitten me for the deed I had done. The excitement of the chase is one thing—to be in at the death is quite another. But not even the eye of a deer, with its beseeching, imploring look, just before the green film closes over it, is half so pitiful as was the expression of this dying chamois. Such a wild eye I never saw in an animal's head, nor such helpless terror depicted in the look of any creature. It was absolutely distressing to see such agonizing fear, and I was glad when the knife passed over his throat, and he gave his last struggle. As soon as he was dispatched we started off after the wounded one. We had no sooner reached the snow than the blood spots told where the sufferer had gone. It was easy enough to trace him by the life he left with every step, and we soon came upon him stretched upon his side. As he heard us approach the poor fellow made a desperate effort to rise, but he only half erected himself before he rolled back with a faint bleat and lay panting on the snow. He was soon dispatched; and, with the two hodies strung on poles, we turned our steps homeward. Who of the four had been the successful marksmen it was impossible to tell, though I had a secret conviction I was not one of them—still, my fellow-hunters insisted that I was. Not only the position itself made it probable, but the bullet-hole corresponded in size to the bore of my rifle. The evidences, however, were not so clear to my own mind; and I could not but think they would not have been to theirs, but for the silver bullet I was expected to shoot with when we returned to the valley. The size of that had more to do with their judgment than the rent in the side of the poor chamois.

Part of one was dressed for my breakfast, and for once it possessed quite a relish. This was owing to two things—first, my appetite, which several hours on the mountain had made ravenous, and second, to the simple way in which I had ordered it to be dressed. The flesh of the chamois is very black, and possesses nothing of the flavor of our venison. Added to this, the mountaineers cook it in oil, or stew it up in some barbarous manner, till it becomes anything but a palatable dish.

The two most peculiar things about a chamois are its hoofs and its horns. The former are hollow, and hard as flint. The edges are sharp, and will catch on a rock where a claw would give way. It is the peculiar sharpness and hardness of the hoof that give it security in its reckless climbing along the clefts of precipices. It will leap over chasms on to a narrow ledge where you would think it could not stand, even if carefully placed there. It flings itself from rock to rock in the most reckless manner, relying alone on its sharp hoof for safety. Its horns seem to answer no purpose at all, being utterly useless both from their position and shape as an instrument of defence. They may add solidity to the head, and thus assist in its butting conflicts with its fellows. Some of the Swiss told me, however, that the animal struck on them when it missed its hold and fell over a precipice—thus breaking the force of the fall. It may be so, but it looked rather apocryphal to me. It would not be an easy matter, in the rapidity of a headlong fall, to adjust the body so that its whole force would come directly on the curvature of the horns, especially when the landing spot may be smooth earth, a rock lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or a block of ice.

The evening after my expedition I spent with some hunters, who entertained me with stories of the chase, some of which would make a Texas frontier man open his eyes. One of these I designed to relate, but find I have not room. At some future time I may give it—*American Review*.

THE LATE MAJOR ROGERS.

A brother officer of Maj. Rogers gives the following samples of his exploits in the Ceylon jungles:—

A frigate had arrived at the station, and as a matter of course, its officers were *fêted* as well as the garrison would permit; and it was finally arranged that the Captain and as many as could get away on leave, should make an excursion a few miles inland, in hopes of seeing some sport among the elephants, accompanied by many crack elephants-shots as a safeguard to the more inexperienced. The important morning arrived, and a party of about twenty sallied forth to a place called Cottiar, which is generally a resort of all kinds of animals, and as hot and unhealthy a place, as can well be found beneath the sun. Elephants were soon found in many directions, so the party, to avoid spoiling each other's sport, by degrees began to separate into smaller parties of three or four, as the elephants became more plentiful.

About mid-day, Rogers found himself heading a party of half-a-dozen young "reefers," and also the Captain of the frigate; and by the trumpeting and screechings of elephants in a small patch of jungle ahead, there

was evidently good sport in store, with using caution and not being too much in a hurry. This was no easy matter to accomplish, however, with a parcel of jolly sailors; for no sooner did they get sight of the stern of an elephant, than a most promiscuous volley was showered into the heads and tails of the astonished quadrupeds, without doing very material damage, for the next moment there was a simultaneous rush from the jungle, and away rattled the whole herd with the exception of *one*, which rushed straight at the Captain of the frigate, and, seizing him in its trunk, made off round the plain. It was the work of a moment; and had any one attempted to fire, the chances were greater in favor of his killing the man than the elephant. All looked on in dismay and horror, as they saw the old elephant pull up in its course every now and then, and seemingly attempt to crush its victim by kneeling on him; then holding him up in mid-air again, it would apparently exult in its conquest, and contemplate its prey with very much the same feelings as a cat does its disabled mouse. Some pursued the animal, though that was perfectly useless, and might have only hastened the fate of the unfortunate man already in the jaws of death, when a miracle (for it can be deemed little short of one) saved his life when it was not worth a moment's purchase. At this moment the elephant had got into a corner of the plain, and was preparing to deal the death blow, when Rogers perceived a young elephant emerge from the patch of the jungle as the others had previously done; and the evident uneasiness of mind that the young one shewed by its antics and its trumpetings soon made Rogers suspect that it must be the calf of one of the animals that had started away, or, by no means an unlikely event, that it was its own mother that had, perhaps in defence of this very youngster, attacked Captain —. His plans were formed in an instant; and the stratagem shewed the extraordinary presence of mind that never forsook Rogers under the most trying circumstances. Placing his two barrels within a foot of the young elephant's neck, he sent in both balls; then seizing another gun he planted one in the proboscis and one *behind* so that neither hit any vital part. Immediately that the youngster began to feel the smart, it set up the most awful yelling that ever was heard; it might have been audible for miles; indeed the wonder was that so much noise could come from so small a compass. Another moment, and poor — would have been torn limb from limb, but before the elephant had succeeded in falling on him (which in another moment would have most inevitably have occurred) the fearful moanings of its young one struck its ear. Dropping its victim "like a hot potato," it rushed furiously to where its offspring was still "making the welkin ring" with the most hideous yells, but before it had reached it, a ball from Rogers's gun had laid it dead at his feet; and then reloading, he at once put the young one out of its pain by sending a ball through its brain.

G — was still lying on the ground to all appearance dead; but on reaching him, he was found only to be insensible from pain, and most probably in part from the fearful revulsion of feeling when he found he had escaped such an imminent death. A little brandy-and-water soon revived him, but two broken ribs and a jungle fever (that confined him for weeks to his bed, and was as nearly putting an end to his existence as the elephant) gave lasting evidence of the treatment he received when in the animal's power. This, I believe, was one of Rogers's first adventures. The Gentleman who acted the *principal* part is, to the best of my belief, now alive, and an Admiral in Her Majesty's Service.

The other occasion on which he was the means of saving a fellow mortal's life happened some time after the event above narrated. Captain M —, of the — Regiment, was one of an elephant party made up, if I recollect rightly, for the amusement of the then Governor of the Island Sir Edward Barnes. A magnificent "tusker" was the object in view, who was guarded by the rest of the herd until every animal was shot down with the exception of itself (such a value do the untuskered animals set on their *inoried* species), when the "tusker," thinking he might as well die fighting as standing still, rushed at M —, and very soon had him in his proboscis. He then carried him off to some little distance, and, pinning him to the ground, attempted to crush him by kneeling on him. This his tusks (being very long) prevented him from doing, neither could he transfix him with his tusks. It was almost an impossibility to get a shot at his head, so near was it to M —, so several of the party, in hopes of getting the animal to turn round, fired at its body. This but enraged it the more; and nearly five minutes had elapsed, and nothing could save the almost lifeless Captain but a *coup-de-main*, when Rogers walked up to within *two yards* of the elephant, and lying down by the side of M —, placed the muzzle of his gun within an inch of the animal's forehead, and brought him down dead, almost on the top of its exhausted victim. M — never recovered the shock, for he died very shortly after by a fever brought on in consequence.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE BEST TIME FOR DINNER

In enterprising commercial communities, in London and Liverpool for example, it is a common practice to hasten away to the counting-room immediately after an early breakfast; to remain there in active employment from nine in the morning till six o'clock in the evening, by which time the vital functions have become so far exhausted as to create a strong desire for something stimulating both in food and drink. If this desire be gratified immediate relief is obtained, and a temporary feeling of comfort pervades the frame; but nothing can be more erroneous than to regard this as a proof the indulgence being beneficial. The organisation soon gets accustomed to the stimulus; its susceptibility becomes impaired by the frequency by which the latter is administered; and, in a short time, indigestion is the inevitable consequence. The evils attendant on this course of life are not unfrequently aggravated by the preposterous means resorted to for their prevention. Having some vague notion that *exercise* improves digestion, and not being at all aware that there is an improper as well as a proper time for taking it, many persons, after being exhausted by seven or eight hours' confinement, to the counting house, proceed to take a walk of four or five miles before going to dinner, and thus utterly throw away the little strength that was left to them, and are filled with disappointment on finding their appetite and digestion worse than before. Dr. Paris mentions the case of a clerk, in a public office, who brought upon himself all the horrors of dyspepsia and melancholy by following this plan. He breakfasted at nine went to his office at ten, continued there till five, walked till seven, and then dined. He was cured in six weeks by adopting a more rational regimen and dining at three o'clock. Many females and delicate persons injure their powers of digestion by delaying their exercise till the system is too much exhausted to profit by it. In boarding schools the same error is often committed from a desire which is felt to have all the lessons over before allowing

any play. As a general rule, then, not more than five hours ought to intervene between breakfast and dinner. If the mode of life be such as involves great activity in the open air, or the period of life be one of rapid growth of filling up (as during youth or convalescence from sickness), the interval may with propriety be shortened; whereas, if the mode of life be sedentary and unattended with much activity of nutrition, the interval may be considerably protracted without much inconvenience. Much, also, ought to depend upon the natural rapidity or slowness of digestion. In some constitutions chylickation goes on so slowly that the individual can pass with ease eight or ten hours without food; whereas, in others, it is so rapid that a fresh supply becomes necessary in half the time. Spallanzani himself was an example of the former kind; for in him digestion went on so slowly that he was unable to study till five or six hours after even a very spare dinner. The proper rule in every case is, to take dinner at such an interval after breakfast as the return of healthy appetite indicates, whether that interval be longer or shorter than the average specified. That, according to this rule, the *general* time for dinner ought to be somewhere about five hours after an ordinary breakfast is evident from the almost universal return of appetite at the end of such an interval, and from the fact that many, through sheer inability to resist longer the wholesome cravings of nature, are in the regular habit of eating dinner at that time, but to save appearances, give it the name of *luncheon*, by which means they hold themselves entitled to the enjoyment of a second more substantial dinner later in the day. Invalids, dyspeptics, and all who, possessing vigorous digestion, wish to retain it, will do well to follow the intentions of nature, and observe the intervals which she has appointed. Those who disregard them, and still digest without difficulty, have reason to be grateful to Providence; but they may rest satisfied that they will longer enjoy their privilege and better evince their gratitude by submitting their conduct to the ordinary laws of the animal economy, than by presuming too much on their supposed exemption from the salutary restraints of reason and experience.—*Dr. Combe's Physiology of Digestion.*

NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH.

The important interview which, in a great degree, decided the fate of Napoleon, took place at Dresden, on the 28th of June. Throughout the whole conference Napoleon acted without his usual policy; he had been so long accustomed to dictate, that he supposed he could continue to do so still, notwithstanding the altered state of his circumstances. He had hitherto spoken only with the lips of a victor, upon the refusal of whose conditions a fresh war of conquest was to follow; but now the language of command was as unwise as it was useless. Instead of endeavouring, if not to conciliate, at least not to offend the Austrian minister, he at once began to reproach him with the tardiness of the negotiations, as intended to benefit his adversaries, and as manifesting a desire to take advantage of his embarrassments, and to recover as much as possible of the territory which he had separated from the Austrian empire. "It is now your business," said Napoleon, "to ascertain whether you can get a good ransom from me without fighting, or whether you will join the ranks of my enemies. Well, let us see; let us begin the bargain: what is it that you want?" To this language, so highly unbecoming him who used it, and so insulting to Metternich, the only reply deigned was "that Austria only desired to see the same moderation and respect for the rights of nations which filled his own bosom restored to the general councils of Europe, and such a well balanced system introduced as should place the universal tranquillity under the guarantee of an association of independent states." Napoleon paid no attention to this declaration, but proceeded as if Austria were consulting her own aggrandizement alone. "I come to the point," he said; "will you accept Illyria and remain neutral? If you will not interfere I can deal with Russia and Prussia easily enough." "The truth must be told, sire; Austria cannot remain neuter; we must be either with you or against you." After this declaration, they retired to an inner cabinet, where the views of Austria were more fully explained. As these were developed, the rage of Napoleon became almost uncontrollable; they involved, indeed, the entire dismemberment of the gigantic possessions of France. The pope was to be restored; Poland abandoned; Spain, Holland, the confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland were to be resigned to their former rulers. "What," exclaimed the emperor, "conditions like these to be extorted from me without drawing the sword; and demanded because Austria threatens me with war. It is a gross affront to expect it. And is it my father-in-law who entertains such views? In what a position would he place me before the people of France. Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to act thus towards me!" To this coarse insult Metternich replied only by a look of scorn and resentment. For some time they paced the room in silence, without looking at each other. Napoleon felt that he had gone too far, and in order to afford an opportunity of resuming the conversation, he dropped his hat. At any other time ordinary courtesy would have led Metternich to lift it up, and present it to the emperor, but for this he was too grossly affronted, and Napoleon was obliged to stoop for it himself. This must have convinced Bonaparte that his influence with Metternich and with Austria had ceased, and that he who had so long been the arbiter of others' fate was now a supplicant for his own. The discourse was after a while resumed by the emperor in a colder and calmer manner; he insisted that the congress should be assembled, and on taking leave of the ambassador, shook him by the hand, and, like a low trader higgling to make the best possible bargain, said, "Illyria is not my last word—we can make more favourable terms." The last word, however, had been said; Metternich saw well that the ambitious views and overbearing temper of Napoleon were the same as when he dictated the treaty of Shonbrun, and that no lasting peace could be made with him.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review.*

WERE-WOLVES.

The ancient superstition respecting were-wolves, the mutation of men into wolves at this season, is much too remarkable to be admitted. Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsal, and metropolitan of Sweden, relates, in his *History of the Goths*, that, "at the festival of Christmas, in the cold northern parts, there is a strange conversion of men into beasts, and that, at a place previously fixed among themselves, there is a gathering of a huge multitude of wolves which have been changed from men, and which, during that night, rage with such fierceness against mankind and other creatures not fierce by nature, that the inhabitants of the country suffer more hurt from them than they ever do from natural wolves; for these human wolves attack houses, break down the doors in order that they may destroy the inmates, descend into the cellars, where they drink out whole tuns of beer or mead, leaving the empty vessels heaped one upon another. If any man afterwards comes to the place where they have met, and his cart overturn, or he fall down in the snow it is believed that he will die that year." The author relates, that "there is standing a wall of a

certain castle that was destroyed, to which, at an appointed time, these unnatural wolves come and endeavour to leap over it, and that those wolves which cannot leap over the wall from fatness or otherwise, are whipped by their leaders; and, moreover, it is believed that among them are the great men and chief nobility of the land. This change of a natural man into a brute is effected by muttering certain words and drinking a cup of ale to a man-wolf, which, if he accepts the same, renders the man-natural worthy of being admitted into the society of men-wolves. He may then change himself into the form of a wolf by going into a secret cellar or private wood, and may put off his wolf's form, and resume his own at pleasure." The following instances of anecdotes are related in confirmation of this statement:—"A certain nobleman, while on a journey through the woods, was benighted and hungry, and it so fell out, that among his servants, were some who had the faculty of becoming wolves. One of these proposed that the rest should be quiet while he withdrew, and that they should not be surprised to tumult by anything they saw in his absence and, so saying, he went in a thick wood, and there privily transformed himself, and came out as a wolf, and fell fiercely on a flock of sheep, and caught one of them, and brought it to his companions, who, knowing the bringer thereof, received it gratefully, and he returned into the wood as a wolf would, and came back again in his shape as the nobleman's servant." "Not many years since it happened, in Livonia, that a nobleman's wife disputed with one of her servants whether men could turn themselves into wolves, and the lady said they could not; but the servant said, with her permission, he would presently show her an example of that business; and forthwith he went alone into the cellar, and presently after came forth in the form of a wolf; and the dogs hunted him through the fields into a wood, where he defended himself stoutly, but they bit out one of his eyes, and the next day he came with only one eye to his lady." "It is yet fresh in the memory that the Duke of Prussia, though he paid attention to stories of this kind, required a person who was reputed to be skilled in this sorcery to give a proof of his art. The man accordingly transformed himself into a wolf. The duke was satisfied, and caused the unlucky experimentalist to be burned for idolatry."—*Hampson's Dates and Charters*

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE MONKEY.

A gentleman whose premises were infested by a large breed of sparrows, said they were *birds of no principle*. Of all monkeys it may be said, with much more propriety, that they are beasts of no principle; for they have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those first who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it; even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashion of the world, whether it be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when in his power. If any thing he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces on the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfastens all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. Everybody has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of the cannon to see how it went off; when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy in fetching powder from below, and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran down to the powder-room to see what they were about; but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry; he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of trees, the people below who want to catch them shew them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards and are taken.

DEATH OF MAHOMET.—In Medina, feeling that his death was fast approaching, he ascended the pulpit from which he had so often preached, and thus addressed himself to the surrounding crowd:—"Oh! ye faithful, if any one of you have reason to complain that I have ill-treated him by blows, here is my body, let him return them; if I have wounded the reputation of any one, let him treat me in the same manner; if I have taken silver from any one, I am ready to restore it on the spot." A man here interrupting him, and demanding payment of a debt amounting to three drachms, Mahomet paid him, and said, "It is more easy to suffer shame in this world than in the other." This task finished, he betook himself to his bed, which he never more quitted. The evening before his death he would fain have dictated a new chapter of the *Khozan*; but the friends who stood round him would not allow it, thinking that his weakened mind might perplex his followers with some strange doctrine. It were better if they had permitted him; for, as the traveller, when he gains the summit of a hill, looks back, and perceives not only the road by which he has come, but also its position in and relation to the surrounding country, so Mahomet, at that critical moment, set free from the influence of prejudice or passion, may have seen more clearly how far his own conduct had harmonised with that plan which his conscience pointed out as the plan of the Creator. Haply, if he had been permitted to speak, he might have modified much and suppressed some of the doctrines which have since then so troubled and perplexed the world. But they would not let him speak, so the night passed in weeping and watching; and when the morning dawned, there was a sound of lamentation on the minaret and the housetop, whilst couriers went forth on swift-footed

camels to proclaim amongst the tribes of the desert that their lawgiver was dead.—*The Student*.

THE DEADLY FOE OF THE SNAKE.—Attack and defence call forth perhaps some of the most beautiful combinations of effect and passion which can be conceived, as, for instance, in the secretary bird and the snake. In an instant the former circumvents its intended prey; its escape is hopeless, it instinctively feels itself in the presence of its deadly enemy, and for the preservation of life prepares itself for the fearful encounter. Half erected, with gleaming eye and its body coiled or straightened to meet the exigency of the moment, it faces its ever active foe; it writhes and sweeps the ground with the convulsive movements of its tail, and, like the skilful fencer, acts on the defensive till the opening for the fatal lunge presents itself; but the wary bird allows no such advantage, for, dropping its wing, shield like, before it, it repels every attack by prostrating the serpent by the powerful action of its pinion, and, leaping rapidly behind it, secures the victory and its prey by a well directed blow on the skull. This is a beautiful picture; the issue of life is in the struggle, of which nature is the prompter, and in which the energies and passions of both creatures are worked up to their highest pitch. Dreaded by every other living creature, the snake here encounters its mortal enemy, ordained by the hand of Providence to keep its race within due limits.—*E. P. Thompson's Note Book of a Naturalist*.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHY.—Mr. Mitchell, the banker, could sit in a room without experiencing the least emotion from a cat; but directly he perceived a kitten his flesh shook on his bones, like a snail in vinegar. I once relieved him from one of these paroxysms, by taking a kitten out of the room; on my return he thanked me, and declared his feeling to be insupportable upon such an occasion. Long subsequently I asked him whether he could in any way account for this agitation. He said he could not; adding, that he experienced no such sensations upon seeing a full-grown cat; but that a kitten, after he had looked at it for a minute or two, in his imagination it grew to the size of an overpowering elephant.—*A Book for a Rainy Day*.

ST. DAVID, THE TUTELARY SAINT OF WALES.—There was something distinguishing in the birth, and in the personal qualities of David, the national saint of Wales, and the brightest ornament of its church. This celebrated person was uncle to king Arthur, and was the son of a prince of that country. He was tall of stature, and of a comely personage, was a man of learning and eloquence, and of great austerity in his life and manners. By the industry and zeal of St. David, the opinions of Pelagius were eradicated, and the most eminent professors of his doctrines were converted to the orthodox faith. With the consent of king Arthur, he removed the metropolitan see from Caer Leon to Menevia, which place ever since has been called Ty Dewi by the Welsh, and St. David by the English. The noisy intercourse of a populous city like Caer Leon, being ill adapted for contemplation, was not suited to his solitary east of mind, and rigid sentiments of piety; and on that account he removed the see to Menevia, as to a more sequestered situation. After being seated in the see of St. David sixty-five years, and having built twelve monasteries; after having been exemplary in the piety of those days, this holy person died at a most advanced period of human life, having attained, as it is said, to the age of one hundred and forty six years. He was buried in the cathedral church of St. David, and many hundred years after was canonized by Pope Calixtus the Second. The supposed power of working miracles, which a superstitious age had ascribed to St. David, was probably owing to the great length and to the extraordinary sanctity of his life. After his death no memorable transaction occurred for many years in the archiepiscopal see of St. David. In the time of Sampson, who was the twenty-sixth bishop in succession, there were seven suffragan bishops, who belonged to that see, and were subject to his authority; namely, those of Exeter, Bath, Hereford, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, and Fernes in Ireland. This bishop having fled into Britain on account of a contagious distemper, which raged in his own country, he carried with him the archiepiscopal pall of St. David, and from this circumstance, or from their poverty or negligence, the title of archbishop was lost ever after to the successors of Sampson. But they long retained, beyond this period, that authority, which had been usually annexed to the archiepiscopal dignity; and they acknowledged no dependency on the see of Canterbury, until the time of king Henry the First.

The Emperor Napoleon's favourite Mameluke, Roustan, died on Sunday last, at Dourdan (Seine et-Oise), where he had been living upon a small income of 5,000*fr.* to 6,000*fr.* derived chiefly from the sale of the presents from Napoleon and his family.

Imperial Parliament.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

On Thursday, the 22d of January, Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, the royal procession left Buckingham Palace soon after two o'clock, and arrived at the House of Lords soon after.

No event has recently excited such intense and general interest in the metropolis, as the anticipated statement of Sir Robert Peel on Thursday night, developing his measures for the abandonment of the "protective system." As early as one o'clock, "strangers," who had obtained orders of admission to the gallery of the House of Commons, began to assemble at the doors; and by two o'clock there were four times as many applicants, holding members orders, as could be accommodated in the house. Long before four, the lobbies and passages leading to the House of Commons, as well as the streets between Great George street and Westminster Abbey, were crowded with well dressed persons. Many of the members who were recognised, and known to be opponents of the corn laws, were warmly cheered; and the Duke of Wellington, in passing along Palace-yard, on his way to the House of Lords, came in for a full share of popular applause.

Her Majesty having passed through the royal gallery, which was much crowded, entered the House of Lords, and, after the usual formalities, delivered the following most gracious speech:—

My Lords and Gentlemen:—

It gives me great satisfaction to meet you in Parliament, and to have the opportunity of recurring to your assistance and advice. I continue to receive from my allies, and from other Foreign Powers, the strongest assurance of the desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with this country. I rejoice that in concert with the Emperor of Russia, and through the success of our joint mediation, I have been enabled to adjust the differences which had long prevailed between the Ottoman Porte and the King of Persia, and had seriously endangered the tranquillity of the East. For several years a desolating and sanguinary warfare has afflicted the States of the Rio de la Plata. The com-

merce of all nations has been interrupted, and acts of barbarity have been committed, unknown to the practice of a civilized people. In conjunction with the King of the French, I am endeavouring to effect a pacification of those States. The Convention concluded with France, in the course of last year, for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade, is about to be carried into immediate execution by the active co-operation of the two Powers on the coast of Africa. It is my desire that our present union, and the good understanding which so happily exists between us, may always be employed to promote the interests of humanity, and to secure the peace of the world. I regret that the conflicting claims of Great Britain and the United States in respect of the territory on the North Western Coast of America, although they have been made the subject of repeated negotiation, still remain unsettled. You may be assured that no effort consistent with national honour shall be wanting on my part to bring this question to an early and peaceful termination.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:—

The Estimates for the year will be laid before you at an early period. Although I am deeply sensible of the importance of enforcing economy in all branches of the expenditure, yet I have been compelled, by a due regard to the exigencies of the public service, and to the state of our Naval and Military Establishments, to propose some increase in the estimates which provide for their efficiency.

My Lords and Gentlemen:—

I have observed, with deep regret, the very frequent instances in which the crime of deliberate assassination has been of late committed in Ireland. It will be your duty to consider whether any measures can be devised calculated to give increased protection to life, and to bring to justice the perpetrators of so dreadful a crime. I have to lament that, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop in several parts of the United Kingdom, there will be a deficient supply of an article of food which forms the chief subsistence of great numbers of my people. The disease by which the plant has been affected has prevailed to the utmost extent in Ireland. I have adopted all such precautions as it was in my power to adopt for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings which may be caused by this calamity, and I shall confidently rely on your co-operation in devising such other means for effecting the same benevolent purpose as may require the sanction of the Legislature. I have had great satisfaction in giving my assent to the measures which you have presented to me from time to time, calculated to extend Commerce, and to stimulate domestic skill and industry, by the repeal of prohibitions, and the relaxation of protective duties. The prosperous state of the Revenue, the increased demand for labour, and the general improvement which has taken place in the internal condition of the country, are strong testimonies in favour of the course you have pursued.—I recommend you to take into your early consideration whether the principles on which you have acted may not with advantage be yet more extensively applied, whether it may not be in your power, after a careful review of the existing duties upon many articles, the produce or manufacture of other countries to make such further reductions and remissions as may tend to insure the continuance of the great benefits to which I have adverted, and, by enlarging our commercial intercourse, to strengthen the bonds of amity with Foreign Powers. Any measures which you may adopt for effecting these great objects will I am convinced, be accompanied by such precautions as shall prevent permanent loss to the revenue, or injurious results to any of the great interests of the country. I have full reliance on your just and dispassionate consideration of matters so deeply affecting the public welfare. It is my earnest prayer that with the blessings of Divine Providence on your councils, you may be enabled to promote friendly feelings between different classes of my subjects, provide additional security for the continuance of peace, and to maintain contentment and happiness at home, by increasing the comforts of the great body of my people.

The Queen emphasised the portions of the speech which referred to the continuance of peace and to the reduction of the tariff.

Her Majesty having concluded her address, rose from the throne, and quitted the House with the same state.

The Earl of Home moved the address in a brief speech in which he glanced at the most of the topics touched upon in the speech from the throne. He concluded with reading the words of the address which merely echoed the speech.

Lord de Ross seconded the address, and expressed a hope that our pacific relations with America would not be disturbed by the Oregon dispute.

The Duke of Richmond made an angry attack on the policy of Sir Robert Peel and the conduct of the Anti-Corn-law League.

Lord Stanley stated that he left the Cabinet because he thought that the proposed scheme would not give sufficient protection to the agriculturalists.

The address was carried without a division.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

House of Commons, Jan. 23d.

Mr. HUME, after complimenting Sir Robert Peel upon his proposed liberal policy, said: there was one other point to which he would refer, and it was, to express a hope that the right honourable baronet would continue to maintain the good understanding which, from her Majesty's speech, appeared to prevail between France and England. (Hear.) It was in the power of the British Government, united with that of France, to command the peace of the world. (Hear, hear.) Quarrels might take place between different nations, but those two great nations united would prevent war. (Hear.) There was a paragraph in the speech referring to the state of our relations with the U. S.; and he must say that he thought her Majesty's expressions on this subject highly proper and becoming. He thought, too, that the paragraph which recommended an increase in the army and navy estimates, one of the best, under present circumstances, in the whole speech, (hear) and he saw it with considerable gratification when he found the chief magistrate of a great country, from whom he expected better things, venture to set at naught all those rules and regulations which civilised nations observed towards each other. It would be acting contrary to the whole tenor of his life, not to approve of this part of the speech, and he was sure there was a disposition on the part of the House to place at her Majesty's command those means which would maintain the honour of the country. (Cheers.)

Sir ROBERT PEEL—I never entertained the slightest apprehension that any contrast between the language employed in her Majesty's speech in reference to those unfortunate disputes that still prevail between this country and America, and that which has been used by the chief magistrate of the United States, would have been made in this house. I never thought that that could have been mistaken or misrepresented. We have no hesitation in announcing our sincere desire for the interests of this country, for the interests of the United States, and for the interests of the civilised world, in continuing to strain

every effort which is consistent with national honour, for the purpose of amicably terminating those disputes. (Hear.) I never had any apprehension that our intentions or our language would be misrepresented; and the speech which the hon. gentleman, (Mr. Hume,) the uniform and consistent advocate for the strictest economy, has just made, confirms me that my anticipations will not be disappointed. (Cheers.) And if any proposal which her Majesty's Government may feel it their duty to make for the maintenance of essential rights, or of the national honour, shall be responded to and supported by this House, then let me not be mistaken. I think it would be the greatest misfortune if a contest about the Oregon between two such powers as England and the United States could not, by the exercise of moderation and good sense, be brought to a perfectly honourable and satisfactory conclusion. (Cheers.)

THE OREGON AND RIVER PLATE QUESTION.

Lord John RUSSELL said, he was not about to allude to those subjects which had been before the House last night, but there were two questions in that part of the speech from the throne which relates to our foreign relations which he wished for some explanation upon. First, with regard to the Oregon question. He entirely participated in the feelings of the right Hon. gentleman, both that peace with the United States was most desirable, and that we ought to do nothing that was inconsistent with the honour of this country. But certain statements had been put forth in America, and had been reported to have been made to the Congress of the United States, which made it desirable that some explanation should be given on the subject. He had thought that the President of the United States had last year made declarations to Congress on this subject which were not conformable to the usage of civilized countries, or to the friendly relations of the two states; but it would appear, however, that a proposition for a compromise had been made from the President to Her Majesty's government, and he (Lord John Russell) conceived that that proposition had changed the state of the question. The proposition itself might be satisfactory or not satisfactory; but, having been made, it did appear to him to require a statement from those in authority in this country of the terms on which they would be satisfied to settle this question. That proposition, as he understood, had not been received by her Majesty's government, but had been declared to be totally inadmissible by our Minister in America. He (Lord John Russell) confessed he thought that was a hasty proceeding on the part of the representative of Her Majesty in the United States. But what he wished to ask was, whether the negotiations had recommenced or were going on? He was not desirous that the papers should be presented to the House; he was willing to leave the negotiation in the hands of her Majesty's government until they could state that a satisfactory result had been attained, before he asked for any information of the particular state of the negotiations. One word with respect to what had fallen from the hon. member from Montrose. Her Majesty required the attention of the House to the increase in the estimates which provided for the efficiency of the military and naval services. He could well understand that with the increased possessions of this country abroad and the consequently increased demands on the services of the military and naval forces in every part of the world, there might be reasons for the increase of the estimates even at a season of profound peace, and when nothing threatened on any side; and he trusted that it was on these grounds, and not on account of anything in the aspect of affairs, with reference to the United States, that Her Majesty's Government had made this increase. He, for his part, had for some time thought that the efficiency of the military force of this country at its present amount was too much tried, and that too much was demanded from that force. His second question was this. Her Majesty stated that for several years a desolating and sanguinary warfare had afflicted the states of the Rio de la Plata, and it was further stated that Her Majesty was endeavouring to effect the pacification of those states. He, (Lord John Russell) understood that the endeavour to effect a pacification had been prosecuted by means of warlike measures, and he somewhat doubted whether that was the right mode of proceeding. It was true it was stated that the commerce of all nations had been interrupted. But it was further stated that "acts of great barbarity had been committed unknown to the practice of a civilized people." Acts of barbarity were certainly very dreadful things; but he doubted whether it was wise in Her Majesty's Government to state that as a ground of a forcible intervention. They had heard—though he would not name the countries in which they had taken place—but they had heard of dreadful acts of barbarity in other parts of the world; and certainly he had not heard it proposed by any wise statesman that there should be any intervention in those countries. The question which he had to submit to the right hon. baronet was, whether he proposed to lay on the table any papers explanatory of the ground upon which her Majesty's government thought it necessary to interfere with the warfare which had occurred in the States of the Rio de la Plata?

Sir ROBERT PEEL—With reference to the question just put by the noble lord, I beg to say, that not foreseeing that he would put it, I am not at present prepared to give him an answer, and have therefore to crave that he will postpone his question until another time. On the subject of the Oregon territory, I have to state that a proposal was made by Mr. Buchanan, with the authority of the President of the United States, to Mr. Pakenham, and the proposal so made suggested a division of the territory. Whether or not that proposal ought to have been accepted I cannot say. Mr. Pakenham thought that the terms proposed were so little likely to be acceptable, that he did not feel himself warranted in transmitting the proposal to the government at home; and on signifying this to Mr. Buchanan, the latter immediately stated that the proposal was withdrawn. This is the state of the negotiation at present, so far as I am informed, respecting the proposal submitted by Mr. Buchanan. I have the highest opinion of Mr. Pakenham: I have the greatest respect for his talents and the greatest confidence in his judgment, yet I must say that it would have been better had he transmitted that proposal to the home government for their consideration, and if found in itself unsatisfactory it might possibly have formed the foundation for a further proposal. (Hear.) Since that period this country has again repeated to the United States their offer of referring the matter to arbitration, but no answer has yet been received to the proposal so made. With respect to the proposed increase in the naval and military estimates it is impossible for any one to see the progress of steam navigation, and the continued increase of our colonial possessions, without at the same time seeing the necessity for an increase in our naval and military establishments. Within the last few months the colony of New Zealand has made a heavy demand upon us in this respect; and the continual drain made upon our troops on account of the necessary reliefs in our other possessions is so great that it is almost impossible to fill up our regiments. I think that even while we have the utmost confidence in the intentions of foreign powers, we would not be wise to neglect the defences of our country, and to render it secure against any possible contingency. (Hear, hear.) I say, then, that the proposed increase in the estimates may be entirely justified on purely defensive grounds, and that

her Majesty's government have felt it their duty to propose an increase of the estimates for our naval, military, and ordinance establishments, without reference to the dispute with the United States.

NEW COMMERCIAL POLICY OF ENGLAND.

House of Commons, January 27.

On Tuesday Evening, before a crowded House, Sir Robert Peel entered on his great financial scheme.

I am about to proceed on the assumption adopted in the speech from the throne, that the repeal of prohibitory and the relaxation of protective duties is in itself a wise policy—(cheers)—that protective duties abstractedly and on principle are open to objection—(cheers)—that the policy of maintaining them may be defended, but that there must be shown to be special considerations either of public advantage or of justice to vindicate the maintenance of them—(Cheers.) I am about to act on this presumption:—that during the period of the last three years there has been in this country an increased productive-ness of revenue; notwithstanding the relaxation of heavy taxation that there has been an increased demand for labor; that there has been an increased commerce; that there has been increased comfort, contentment, and peace in this country. (Cheers.) I do not say that these great blessings have necessarily been caused by any particular policy which you have adopted; but this I say, that the enjoyment of these inestimable benefits has been at least concurrent with your policy—that policy which has been sanctioned by the House of Commons,—the policy of repealing prohibitory, and reducing protective duties.

The three great branches of manufacture are those which are immediately concerned with the clothing of the great body of the people,—I speak of the linen, the woollen, and the cotton manufactures (cheers) I ask them at once to set the example to others by relaxing voluntarily and cheerfully the protection they enjoy.—(Cheers.)—As the case now stands, the great articles of the cotton manufactures, such as calicoes, prints, &c., are subject to a duty of 10 per cent on importation, while cottons made up, such for instance as cotton stockings, &c., when brought from abroad, are subject to 20 per cent. With respect to cotton manufacture generally, which is now subject to a duty of 10 per cent., I propose that it should be imported duty free—(loud cries of "hear")—and that duty of 20 per cent., which now applies to the manufactured articles of cotton in a more advanced state, I propose to reduce to 10 per cent. (Hear.) That is to say, that on the great article of cotton manufacture, which constitutes the articles of clothing for the great mass of the people, there will be no import duty, while the import duty on cotton articles in a more advanced state of manufacture will be 10 per cent. (A cry of "Take it all off," and some slight interruption.) The only favour I ask is, that I may be permitted to state the whole of the plan—(cheers)—without any inferences being drawn at once as to any particular parts.—(Hear.)

At present, woollen goods, which are made up are subject under the reduced tariff of 1842 to a duty of 20 per cent; and I propose that, as in the case of made-up cotton, the duty should be reduced from 20 to 10 per cent. In the cotton and woollen trade we have given to the manufacturers the unrestricted power of importing the raw material. The same may be said with regard to the linen manufactures. Flax is free from any duty. I had occasion to say the other night that there is no duty whatever on the import of foreign flax. I propose that in the case of linen, as in the case of cotton and woollen, the coarser articles of manufacture—those which are used by the great body of the people—should be permitted to come into the country duty free. With respect to the made-up articles of linen—there are some very fine, some not of general consumption, but partaking of the character of luxuries, such as cambrics, &c., and other articles used by the rich; but I do not propose even with respect to them to maintain the present amount of duty, but to place them all on a level. I propose that the amount of the duty now levied on made-up linens should be reduced to one half.

With respect to metals, we have reduced the duty on foreign ores; and if there be any manufacture which can or ought to compete with the foreigner, it is the manufacture of metals in this country. (Hear, hear.) The manufactures of metals, speaking generally, are now all charged with a duty of 15 per cent. *ad valorem*. I propose, with respect to them and all other articles which I do not specifically mention, that the general rule shall be, that no duty should exceed 10 per cent.; that should be the *maximum*. It is impossible to adopt this principle with respect to some articles—paper hangings, &c.; and I mention those which I except from the rule of paying 10 per cent. *ad valorem*. But with regard to the great mass of manufactures, which are subject to a duty of 20 per cent., according to the tariff of 1842, I propose that a duty of 10 per cent should be the *maximum*, and this duty will fall on manufactures, such as brocade, earthenware, and other articles of that kind, and on all manufactures of hair. I propose to encourage a competition with the manufacturers in this country, by permitting the importation of foreign carriages on the payment of a duty of 10 per cent. There is another manufacture in respect to which I propose a considerable reduction of duty—I propose to reduce the duty on candles. We have reduced the duty on wax and spermaceti, and this night I propose a reduction of the duty now levied on candles to one-half. (Hear, hear.) There are many articles on which duty is now levied, and in respect to which I propose to remit the duty altogether. I propose, notwithstanding the great simplification in the tariff of 1842, to carry that simplification still further. There are, I think not less than nearly 1100 articles remaining in that tariff, because it was thought convenient to have them in an alphabetical arrangement, for the Custom-house officers to see what articles were or were not, duty free; but I avoid entering into more detail at present with regard to these. There are some manufactures still remaining with which I must deal specially, because on account of the present amount of duty, or the nature of the article, it might not be advisable to subject them to the general principle.

[The duty on Russian tallow is to be reduced from 3s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. The timber duty is to be reduced, but the rate is not yet declared. The duty on silk manufactures is hereafter not to exceed the *maximum* of 15 per cent.; on ornamental paper hangings, to be reduced from one shilling to two-pence the square yard; on foreign carriages, from 20 to 10 per cent.; on foreign candles and soap, the reduction is one-half; on boot fronts from 3s. 6d. to 1s. 9d., on boots from £1 8s. to 14s., on shoes from 14s. to 7s., and on straw platt from 7s. 6d. to 5s. French brandy, Geneva, and other foreign spirits, the duty to be reduced from 22s. 10d. per gallon to 15s. Retaining his objection to the introduction of slave-grown sugar, Sir R. Peel proposes to strike off 3s. 6d. from the differential duty on foreign free-grown, believing that our colonies can bear increased competition. Thus foreign free-grown Muscovado will be reduced from 9s. 4d. to 5s. 10d., and clayed from 11s. 10d. to 8s.]

The right hon. baronet, after some remarks on agriculture, proposed that the duty on all kinds of seeds for agricultural purposes should not exceed 6s. per cwt. He then went on to propose the admission of maize or Indian

corn for fattening of cattle duty free, and proceeded. Maize is generally used in the United States, I believe partly for human food; and I believe that, though it is very much disregarded in this country, on parts of the continent it is made into excellent food, and in parts of the United States it is even preferred to articles of food which we in this country use. I do believe that the free importation of maize, so far from being any disservice to agriculture, will by promoting the feeding of cattle, be an advantage rather than a detriment. (Hear, hear.) I propose, also, that the article of buckwheat shall be subject to the same rule; that maize and buckwheat, and the flour of maize and buckwheat, shall be admitted duty free; I propose to admit the meal equally with the grain itself. (Hear, hear.) After showing the advantage of Indian wheat in the fattening of cattle over linseed cake, and the high price of the latter, he came to the reduction of the duty on the articles which constitute the food of man. I am not about to propose the immediate repeal of the duties which are imposed upon grain. I am induced to propose, as an earnest of the principle upon which I shall act, the immediate reduction of the duty on many articles of primary importance which constitute the food of man. I shall propose that all the reductions shall be immediate; but I will first take those articles of consumption in respect to which I propose immediate and total repeal. I propose to take an extensive review of all articles included in the tariff which enter into the consumption of the people. I propose, on the part of her Majesty's Government, that the duty should be immediately reduced upon butter from 20s. to 10s. per cwt.; upon cheese, from 10s. to 5s. per cwt.; upon hops, from £1 10s. to £2 5s.; upon cured fish, from 2s. to 1s. per cwt. Now, I take the articles of agricultural produce which I propose an immediate repeal. I propose an immediate repeal of the duty on all those articles which constitute meat, as distinguished from grain; that the duty on fresh beef, on salted beef, on what are called unenumerated articles, salt pork and fresh pork, on potatoes, on vegetables of all kinds, shall be repealed. (Cheers.) I propose that all that enters into the vegetable, anything that constitutes animal food, shall be admitted duty free. (Cheers.)

I believe the agriculturists need fear no alarm from all this. I tell them, as I told the manufacturers, that I have given them increased facilities for meeting foreign competition, by admitting the importation of many articles for feeding the cattle. (Tremendous cheering.) Horses and all animals included in the tariff to be admitted duty free. I will now state, with the permission of the House, the proposal which I mean to make on the subject of grain. (Hear.) I propose that, from the passing of the act, some articles shall be admitted duty free. On the one hand, I do not propose the immediate repeal of the corn laws, but, in the hope of a final arrangement, or preventing undue apprehensions, and giving time for the adjustment of agriculture to the new state of circumstances, though I propose a temporary continuance of protection, I propose it on the distinct understanding that, after the lapse of a certain time, foreign grain shall be imported into this country duty free. (Cheers.) I am deeply convinced that any intermediate proposal will be of no avail. (Cheers from the Opposition benches.) It would have been entirely out of my power to have explained, or to have suggested any modification of the corn law, with a guarantee that it should be continued. The choice, I think, is either between the maintenance intact of the existing amount of protection in every particular, or laying the foundation for an ultimate settlement by means of ultimate freedom. (Cheers.) I propose, therefore, a considerable reduction in the existing amount of duties, and I propose that the continuance of the duty so reduced shall be for a period of three years—(great cheering)—that it shall then continue till that period of the year when I believe there will be least inconvenience in the termination of the protection. (Hear.) I propose that in all cases those restrictions which apply to the import of meal, the produce of grain, shall be removed. I presume they were established for the protection of the millers in this country, and that it is now unnecessary they should be continued. I therefore see no reason why they should remain on barley or any other articles. (Hear.)

I propose that on and after the first of February, 1845, oats, barley and wheat shall be subject only to that nominal rate of duty which I have proposed to apply to maize and buckwheat. I propose that, immediately from the passing of this act, all corn the produce of British colonial possessions out of Europe, shall be admitted at a nominal duty. (Cheers.)

Now, on the one hand, I offer to those who insist on the immediate removal of these laws, the unrestricted importation, at least the importation at a nominal duty, of all kinds of corn and all kinds of meal the produce of corn from British colonial possessions out of Europe, duty free; and to the agriculturists I offer other articles, the produce of the United States, and an article, to the free export of which the United States give the utmost importance—that of maize. This is the provision with respect to other descriptions of grain which we propose to endure during that period when foreign grain is to be subjected to duty. We intend to meet some of the objections that have been made. At the same time, to fix on a duty that would be considered valuable, would not answer the purpose I am desirous of attaining, that of making an immediate reduction on account of temporary circumstances. (Hear.) We propose, therefore, that the enactment to endure for three years shall be to this effect:—That in lieu of the duties now payable on the importation of corn, grain, meal, or flour, there shall be paid until the first day of February, 1849, the following duties, viz:—If imported from any foreign country

WHEAT

Whenever the average price of wheat, made up and published in the manner required by law, shall be for every quarter

Under 48s the duty shall be for every quarter				-	-	-	10s
48	-	48s	do	do	-	-	9s
49	-	50s	do	do	-	-	8s
50	-	51s	do	do	-	-	7s
51	-	52s	do	do	-	-	6s
52	-	53s	do	do	-	-	5s
53 and upwards			do	do	-	-	4s

With respect to all other restrictions, I shall follow the scale that affects wheat.

To read these would not be interesting to the House, and therefore I refer them for the particulars to the printed statement that shall afterwards be put into their hands. It may be sufficient for present purposes to say that a general rule shall be adopted. There will now, then, be levied on foreign wheat, instead of a duty of 16s., a duty of 4s. at the present prices, taken out of bond for consumption in the market. The right hon. baronet then proceeded to enumerate the set-off to the repeal of the Corn-laws, which he proposed to extend to the agriculturists. The highway rates he proposed to consolidate by transferring their administration to the Poor-law Guardians! thus placing them under the control of 600 instead of, as at

present, 6,000 different authorities. He proposed to alter the law of settlement, so that a peasant who emigrated from an agricultural to a manufacturing district, should claim a settlement after a five years' residence; his wife and children not to be removable where the removal of the person himself was prohibited. He proposed an advance of Exchequer Bills, by way of loan, for the improvement of agriculture.

The charge of maintaining prisoners in the county gaols to be taken from the agriculturists, and defrayed out of the Consolidated Fund. A portion of the charge for persecuting trelons to be also borne by the state. The education of pauper children to be proceeded with at the expense of the Government; the estimated cost was £30,000. The poor law auditors in England and Ireland to be paid out of the consolidated fund—the expense £15,000. If this great scheme shall meet the approbation of the House, I beg you to observe what it does for the great body of the public. At a very early period all legislative restrictions upon the importation of food will be removed. With respect to clothing, I beg you to remember also, that the people will be at perfect liberty to purchase clothing wherever it is the cheapest; and, with respect to medical attendance on the poor, we propose an arrangement which is a great improvement on the system at present in operation.

The discussion of the subject was postponed to the 9th of February.

UNITED STATES' TARIFF.

Lord Monteagle inquired whether there would be any objection to the production of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury in the United States on the subject of the tariff? The subject was one of general importance and he hoped there would be no objection to the production of the document. He had thought it right to put this question to the noble earl in the first instance, before moving for the production of the report.

The Earl of Aberdeen said, it was unusual to move for the production of documents similar to that alluded to by the noble lord, and if such a practice were adopted it might be attended with great inconvenience. At the same time, he was not disposed to deprive their lordships of information which might be really valuable and important, and which he could communicate consistently with his duty. He had certainly received a copy of the document to which the noble lord referred, and he was ready to admit that it contained matter which was very well worthy their lordships' attention. Under the circumstances, he would not object to its production; but his consent to the noble lord's request on this occasion must not be drawn into a precedent.

Their lordships then adjourned.

THE NEW TARIFF.

Resolutions to be proposed by Sir R. Peel in Committee of the whole House on the Customs and Corn Acts.

Resolved, That in lieu of the duties now payable on the importation of Corn, Grain, Meal, or Flour, there shall be paid, until the 1st day of February 1849, the following duties, viz:—

If imported from any foreign country:—

Wheat.—Whenever the average price of Wheat, made up and published in the manner required by law, shall be, for every quarter:—

s. p.	s. d.
Under 48s., the duty shall be for every quarter.....	10 0
48s and under 49s.....	9 0
49s and under 50s.....	8 0

Barley, Beer, or Bigg.—Whenever the average price of Barley, made up and published in the manner required by law, shall be, for every quarter:—

s. d.	s. d.
Under 26s., the duty shall be for every quarter.....	5 0
26s and under 27s.....	4 6
27s and under 28s.....	4 0

Oats.—Whenever the average price of Oats, made up and published in the manner required by law, shall be, for every quarter:—

s. d.	s. d.
Under 18s., the duty shall be, for every quarter.....	4 0
18s and under 19s.....	3 6
19s and under 20s.....	3 0

Rye, Peas, and Beans, for every quarter:—

A duty equal in amount to the duty payable on a quarter of barley.

Wheat, Meal, and Flour.—For every barrel, being one hundred and ninety-six pounds;

A duty equal in amount to the duty payable on thirty-eight gallons and a half of wheat.

Barley meal.—For every quantity of pounds;

A duty equal in amount to the duty payable on a quarter of barley.

Oatmeal.—For every quantity of 181½ lb;

A duty equal in amount to the duty payable on a quarter of oats.

Ryemeal.—For every quantity of — pounds;

A duty equal in amount to the duty payable on a quarter of rye.

Peameal and beanmeal.—For every quantity of — pounds;

A duty equal in amount to the duty payable on a quarter of peas or beans.

And that from and after the said 1st day of February, 1849, there shall be paid the following duties, viz:—

s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, barley, beer or bigg, oats, rye, peas, and beans, for every quarter.....	1 0
Wheatmeal, barleymeal, oatmeal, ryemeal, peameal, and beanmeal, for every cwt.....	0 4 1

If the produce of, and imported from, any British possession out of Europe:—

Wheat, barley, beer or bigg, oats, rye, peas, and beans, the duty shall be for every quarter..... 1 0

Wheatmeal, barleymeal, oatmeal, ryemeal, peameal, and beanmeal, the duty shall be for every cwt..... 0 4 1

Resolved, That, in lieu of the duties of customs now chargeable on the articles undermentioned, imported into the United Kingdom, the following duties shall be charged, viz:—

s. d.	s. d.
Buckwheat, the quarter.....	0 1 0
Butter, the cwt.....	0 10 0
—of and from a British possession, the cwt.....	0 2 6
Buttons, metal, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
Candles, viz:—	
Spermaceti, the lb.....	0 0 3
Stearine, the lb.....	0 0 1 1
Tallow, the cwt.....	0 5 0
Wax, the lb.....	0 0 2

Cheese, the cwt.....	0 5 0
—of and from a British possession, the cwt.....	0 1 6
Cider, the tun.....	5 5 0
Clocks, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
Copper manufactures, not otherwise enumerated or described, and copper plates engraved, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
Copper or brass wire, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
Cotton, articles or manufactures of cotton, wholly or in part made up, not otherwise charged with duty, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
—of and from a British possession, for every £100 value.....	5 0 0
Hair, manufactures of hair or goats' wool, or of hair or goats' wool and any other material, and articles of such manufacture, wholly or in part made up, not particularly enumerated, or otherwise charged with duty, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
—of and from a British possession, for every £100 value.....	5 0 0
Hams of all kinds, the cwt.....	0 7 0
—of and from a British possession, the cwt.....	0 2 0
Hats or bonnets, viz:—	
—of chip, the lb.....	0 3 6
—of bast, cane, or horsehair hats or bonnets, each hat or bonnet not exceeding 22 inches in diameter, the dozen.....	0 7 6
—each hat or bonnet exceeding 22 inches in diameter, the dozen.....	0 10 0
—straw hats or bonnets, the lb.....	0 5 0
Hats, felt, hair, wool or beaver hats, each.....	0 2 0
—made of silk, silk shag laid upon felt, linen or other material, each.....	0 2 0
Hops, the cwt.....	2 5 0
Lead, manufactures of not otherwise enumerated, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
Leather, manufactures of:—	
Boots, shoes, and calashes, viz:—	
Women's boots and calashes, the dozen pair.....	0 6 0
Women's boots and calashes, if lined or trimmed with fur or other trimming, the dozen pair.....	0 7 6
Women's shoes with cork or double soles, quilted shoes and clogs, the dozen pair.....	0 5 0
Women's shoes, if trimmed or lined with fur or any other trimming, the dozen pair.....	0 6 0
Women's shoes of silk, satin, jean, or other stuffs, kid, morocco, or other leather, the dozen pair.....	0 4 6
Women's shoes, if trimmed or lined with fur or any other trimming, the dozen pair.....	0 5 0
Girls' boots, shoes and calashes, not exceeding seven inches in length, to be charged with two thirds of the above duties.....	0 14 0
Men's boots, the dozen pair.....	0 7 0
Men's shoes, the dozen pair.....	0 7 0
Boy's boots and shoes, not exceeding seven inches in length to be charged with two-thirds of the above duties.....	
Leather boot fronts, not exceeding nine inches in height, the dozen pair.....	0 1 9
Leather cut into shapes, or any articles made of leather, or any manufacture whereof leather is the most valuable part, not otherwise enumerated or described, for every £100 value.....	10 0 0
Maize or Indian corn, per qr.....	0 1 0
Meal, the cwt.....	0 0 6
Rice, the cwt.....	0 1 0
Rough, and in the husk, the qr.....	0 1 0
Tallow, the cwt.....	0 1 6
—of and from a British possession, the cwt.....	0 0 1
Tapioca, the cwt.....	0 0 6
Tongues, the cwt.....	0 7 0
—of and from a British possession, the cwt.....	0 2 0

Resolved, That the duties of customs chargeable upon the goods, wares, and merchandise hereafter mentioned, imported into the United Kingdom, shall cease and determine, viz:—Animals, living, viz: asses, goats, kids, oxen and bulls, cows, calves, horses, mares, geldings, colts, foals; mules, sheep, lambs; swine and hogs; pigs, sucking; bacon; beef, fresh or slightly salted; beef, salted, not being corned beef; bottles of earth and stone, empty; casts of busts, statues, or figures; cavaire; cranberries; cotton manufactures, not being articles wholly or in part made up, not otherwise charged with duty; enamel; gelatine; glue; hay; hides, or pieces thereof, tawed, curried or in any way dressed, not otherwise enumerated; ink for printers; inkle, wrought; lamp black; linen, manufactures of linen, or of linen mixed with cotton, or with wool, not particularly enumerated, or otherwise charged with duty, not being articles wholly or in part made up; magna græca ware; manuscripts; maps and charts, or parts thereof, plain or colored; mattresses; meat, salted or fresh, not otherwise described; medals, of any sort; palmotto, thatch manufactures; parchment; pens; plantains; potatoes; pork, fresh; pork, salted, not hams; silk, thrown dyed, viz: silk singles or tram, organzine or crape silk; telescopes; thread, not otherwise enumerated or described; woollens, viz: manufactures of wool, not being goats' wool mixed with cotton, not particularly enumerated or described, not otherwise charged with duty, not being articles wholly or in part made up; vegetables, all, not otherwise enumerated or described; vellum.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 81-4 a 81-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1846.

OREGON — A temporary repose is happily enjoyed from the tumult of debate which, after all, does but travel in a ring like a horse in a mill. This repose is rendered the more salubrious as it is aided by the refreshing breezes of faith and hope, which carry balm and health to the spirits, inasmuch as it is now pretty generally expected that peaceful means may be found for settling this troublesome and vexatious question.

On this subject, it is singular to remark the very anomalous means resorted to in the controversy, by both parties. A peaceful settlement of the question

is the professed object of each, yet each is showing a belligerent aspect in order to effect it. The United States aver the belief that, by giving the twelve months' notice, the question must be brought to a final issue, and the British Government by its warlike preparations, as well at home as in Canada, tacitly expresses its determination not to recede from the stand which it has adopted, —at least not in an inordinate degree.

It is probable that each party is wise in the aspect it assumes; it is a practical reproof of that procrastination in the affairs of nations which does but throw a mist over the real condition of their mutual relations, a mist growing thicker every year, and which will wrap in gloom and obscurity the final settlement that must inevitably be called for at some time or other. On this account the principle of "masterly inactivity" is a baneful one, it is an uncandid one, and it is a suspicious one. The longer the settlement of an abstruse question is delayed, the weaker the amount of reliable evidence becomes, the more the public mind becomes irritated, the more greatly is the importance of the question magnified, the more bitter become the feelings of each side against the other, the stronger and the less dignified become mutual vituperations, until at length correct notions of right are entirely lost in the urgent desire to attain victory in the dispute. The trite old adage is as correct, applied to nations, as to individuals, namely that "short reckonings make long friends."

Whilst writing we receive our files to the 4th inst., by the Cambria, the contents of which justify our notions on the above question, and also give all but absolute conviction that peaceful negotiation will bring about a settlement in a satisfactory manner.

The Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament on the 22d ult. will be found in our News columns, together with the substance of the debates which have taken place up to the sailing of the Mail Steamer, and we rejoice to perceive that there is every indication of desire for the continuance of peace. There seems to be some regret that Mr. Pakenham should have taken the responsibility of declining the proposition offered by the American Secretary, Mr. Buchanan, without transmitting it to his government; the expressions used by Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel were coincident in meaning, although those of the Premier were uttered in very moderate and courteous terms, yet it is not improbable the minister here may be able to give good reason for his action thereon.

It is plain from the Queen's speech, that the contemplated measures of Sir Robert Peel on the Corn Law question, will be supported by her Majesty, although the manner in which it is alluded to is both obscure and generally mixed up with matters of Tariff; upon which last indeed, there is much matter of congratulation, as holding up bright prospects of increased commercial intercourse between the United States and England; in short, both the Royal speech and the subsequent debates, evince an honest and sincere desire of conciliation and friendship, yet no where conveying the least idea of succumbing beyond the line of national honour and right.

The news by the steamer occupies so large a space, that we shall defer our comments thereon till the next opportunity.

SEVERE GALES WITH SNOW STORMS.—The gales along the American coast, which have been experienced during the past week, have been the most severe in their force, and most mischievous and calamitous in their effects that have been known for many years. They commenced as far southward as Charleston, at which city on Friday 13th inst. the gale threw all the vessels in the port into imminent danger; much mischief was done both to vessels and cargoes but happily we do not hear of any lives lost. But, along the coast from thence northward and more particularly on that of New Jersey the spectacle is most deplorable, and the loss of life awful. The daily journals have given the details so fully some days before any of ours could appear, that we forbear to dwell upon them.

Fine Arts.

THE INMAN GALLERY.—We are happy to perceive that visitors to this Gallery continue to be as numerous as on the first day of the exhibition, and that there is every probability of a substantial benefit, arising out of it, to the family of the distinguished artist. We would, however, impress it upon the public that the Gallery cannot possibly be kept open longer than the four weeks originally proposed, as there is a positive arrangement to return the pictures to the several proprietors at the expiration of that time; the Art Union Association will likewise greatly want their Saloon, and moreover the Insurance of the pictures against Fire, &c., will expire. On all these accounts we trust that persons intending to visit the Gallery, or desirous of promoting its benevolent objects, will not too long delay the execution of their purpose.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—At the American Museum.—We attended, by invitation, to visit a private exhibition of this nature, on Thursday last. It consisted of two series, the former of distinguished places mentioned in Scripture, the latter of miscellaneous views, &c., from scenes in various parts of the world. The first series consisted of three views of Idumæa or Edom, being its primitive wildness, its prosperity, its present desolation; three views of Babylon, being its prosperity, its partial decay, its present desolation; and six views of Jerusalem, being its splendor, its decay and desolation in the time of the "Captivity," its restoration, the siege of it by the Romans, its utter destruction, and its present appearance. These were skilfully managed according to the well-known process, but were very ill described by the person in attendance, who did not seem to be well acquainted with the subjects.

The second series consisted of a view of a Chinese merchant's house near Canton; Overysse on the Rhine; a Crypt in York Cathedral; the Chapel of

Largan in Switzerland; a Vessel at Sea; with another consisting of the vessel struck by lightning and on fire; the Cloth Bazaar at Constantinople; the Valley of Sweet Waters; the Interview between Wm. Penn and the Indian Chiefs; a Bridge and Timber Slide on the Ottawa; the Steam Frigate Missouri at Gibraltar. The exhibition closed with an imitation of Fireworks.

We trust that when this ingenious entertainment shall be publicly displayed an explanatory account shall be given of it in print, with as much minuteness as circumstances will allow.

Musical and Musical Intelligence.

There has not been much of striking importance in the musical department since our last. Herr Boucher had his postponed benefit concert at the Apollo Saloon, which unfortunately could hardly be called a benefit at all. Dempster gave a Concert on Monday evening, which, like all that are given by him was well attended. The Complimentary Concert to Mr. McLachlan took place at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening; we were not present thereat, but learn that there was a large audience; and the Concert in behalf of the Funds for the benefit of Widows and Orphans of persons in the Fire Department took place on Thursday evening at the Tabernacle, and we need scarcely add was a bumper.

The demands upon principal musical artists, both vocal and instrumental, for benevolent objects, have been unusually great this winter; and to the honour of the profession it must be added that all have nobly and promptly responded to the numerous calls.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The attempt to get up a series of the Comedies which in their day were the most brilliant in our language, and by common consent deemed classical, has proved a failure, and exceedingly sorry we are at such a result, although it might have been anticipated. Fashion is more powerful than taste; the former can rest upon its authority, but the latter cannot be thrust down the people's throat. The wit and humour which used to delight the intellect, are still in the plays to which we are alluding, but, whether they have been listened to until present audiences are sated, or whether the appetite for the entertainments of the stage has become diseased, we know not,—the ballet and the exercises of the gymnasium, or other *tours de force*, have laid poor Thalia as low as her prostrate sister Melpomene. Even Polymnia finds her shrines forsaken, her worshippers have become few and these are half ashamed of their devotions, Fashion has frowned on these once favored muses, and Terpsichore only remains in the ascendant. And yet the Park has not been in so good a condition for the representation of good Comedy, since many years, and again we express our regret that the continuance of the scheme is abandoned. "*Tempora mutantur*," however, though that is small consolation which intimates that merit alone cannot sustain, though caprice may possibly for a while restore.

"Giselle" continues to maintain or rather to sustain its popularity. On the nights of the ballet the visitors are both numerous and fashionable, and the management will find abundant compensation for the disastrous attempt at Comedy in the plenteous returns made on each night of the dance. The beautiful French piece called the "Violet," to which we referred last week in our report of the Olympic Theatre, has been brought forward here very effectively. Last evening Mdme. Augusta's benefit took place.

* Since writing the above we have learnt that Miss Charlotte Barnes, who has been making a highly successful tour in Europe, has returned to this city and will play during an engagement of five nights at this theatre. Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff is re-engaged and will appear on Miss C. Barnes' nights. This gentleman is about to perform *Kitely* in the celebrated play by Ben Johnson called "Every man in his Humour," which has not been represented in New York for upwards of thirty years. It will be remarked that this is the play which lately caused such a sensation in London, when the greatest wits and literary men played all the several characters.

BOWERY THEATRE.—"The Wizard of the Wave" still pursues her voyage, accumulating hoards of wealth; this piece has proved a gold mine to the theatre.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Another and very clever comedienne, called "Who's the Composer," has been brought out here, in which Walcott, Nickinson, Feno, Holland, Miss Clarke, and Miss Roberts ably sustain the principal characters. It has an extravagant plot, but which is well wrought up, and has abundance of interest, sprightly dialogue, and sufficient incident to keep the attention of the audience on the alert. In alluding to this theatre the clever and graceful little *danseuse*, Miss Partington, ought not to be forgotten; she is deservedly a high favorite with the visitors of the Olympic, and there is a neatness and chaste deportment in her dancing which are nevertheless consistent with a free and light use of her frame. Of the dances executed by her the greatest favorite is the "Pas de Matelot."

We regret to perceive that the Olympic has lost one of its best supports through the termination of Miss Taylor's engagements as a member of that establishment. Report says that she is about to study the Italian school of vocalism.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—Mr. H. P. Grattan terminated an engagement here last night with his benefit, in which he had the services of Miss Taylor and Mr. Mitchell, from the Olympic Theatre. The chief attractions here during the past week have been "The Orange Girl of Venice," and "Minerali, or the Gold Seekers," being both Melodramas.

Literary Notices.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC, RATIOCINATIVE AND INDUCTIVE—By John S. Mill.—New York: Harpers.—This very lucid book upon a very profound subject is evidently, and upon every page of it, the work of a scholar, a sound reasoner, in short a logician. But of a treatise on such a subject, consisting of six hundred large octavo pages, it is impossible to give a critical account, a couple of days after the book has come to hand; we have read here and there a paragraph, and have fancied that we caught the train of thought, induction, and reasoning, though without being able to pronounce on the most striking merits, or the real excellence as a whole. It may suffice at present to say that Mr. Mill's materials for forming the basis of his edifice, are drawn from the same substantial and solid quarry, as that which was visited and used by the mental and intellectual philosophers, Brown and Whately. It may well be that hereafter we shall enter more largely into its qualities than at present we can pretend to do.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER PROUDFIT, D.D.—By John Forsyth, D.D.—New York: Harpers.—We have here a summary history of a good man's life; and its perusal will be to edification quite as much as to rational entertainment. The life is that of one eminently useful in his generation both as a friend and as an instructor in sacred truths. The writer of the memoir was well calculated on many accounts to do ample justice to his subject, and had the advantage besides of a relation, from the pen of Dr. A. Proudfit's son, of the latter days and last hours of the exemplary father. We warmly commend the work to all readers.

THE STEP MOTHER.—Part II.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Harpers.—We alluded to this work last week, upon the appearance of Part I. It is now completed and is really a very agreeable fiction.

THE ELVES.—Translated from the German of Tieck, by Thos. Carlyle.—With other Tales and Sketches.—New York: Harpers.—We have given the full title as it stands on the title page, because we shall refer to it presently. This publication extends to 152 closely printed octavo pages, it contains twelve excellent tales, from approved writers, of which "The Elves," by Tieck, translated by Carlyle in the first and shortest. Upon merely reading the title-page the general inference will be that all the contents are the writings of Tieck and the translation of Carlyle, and that "The Elves" is the principal one in which these two literati have had any hand. It is true that in the advertisement or preface it is explained that the tales are selections from the "Edinburgh Tales," but few persons read such prefaces. Independently of this, however, the subjects are really agreeably written and highly interesting; they are by Tieck, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Frazer, William Howitt (two), Mrs. Gore, Ed. Quillman, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Crowe, Frazer Tytler, Col. Johnson, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. A very choice collection. We only object to the title-page as having a possible tendency to mislead purchasers.

JUST PUBLISHED BY G. VALE, 3 Franklin Square, N.Y., AN EPHEMERIS OF THE PLANETS for 1846, containing their places for each Month, with Rules for finding their daily situation.—Price 25 cents. Also for sale above VALE'S GLOBE and TRANSPARENT SPHERE. Also, his ASTRONOMICAL CARD with explanations, for the use of Schools.—Price 37½ cents.

Mr. Vale will give a LAST Lecture on Astronomy of the MOON, and a New Theory of the TIDES, at the Society Library Rooms, cor. Leonard and Broadway, on WEDNESDAY, the 25th inst. Feb 21-11.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
Imported and For Sale, Wholesale and Retail,
BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,"—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopædia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
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ST. DAVID'S DAY.

REVIVAL OF ANCIENT CUSTOMS AND HOSPITALITIES.

THE NATIONAL CAMBRIANS of the City of New York, will celebrate the coming Cambrian Anniversary by a Gentlemen's Dinner Party, after the style and manner of the original celebrations by the old-fashioned Welsh of this city, at the MINERVA ROOMS, No. 406 Broadway, on MONDAY EVENING, the 2d day of March, 1846. No pains will be spared by the Stewards and Committees, to render this festival in every respect worthy the patronage of those who may honour it. A magnificent National Banner is now being painted for the occasion, from the design furnished by the Rev. Thomas Price, the Welsh Historian, and Sir Samuel R. Meyrick—and will, with other decorations, adorn the Banquet Room. Numerous invitations have been given to distinguished guests, many of whom will be present to grace the occasion.—Provisions have been made by the Toast and Song Committee, to render their duties satisfactory. Several professional and amateur singers will sing during the evening.

The Hon ROBERT H. MORRIS will preside.

Tickets for the Dinner may be had at the following places:—

St. David's Hall, No. 242 Walker Street.
Shades, No. 8 Thames Street.
Minerva Rooms, 406 Broadway.
Bell Tavern, 185 Canal Street.
Carnarvon Castle, 14 Oak Street.
Walton House, 326 Pearl Street.
Anglo American Office, 4 Barclay Street.
Old Countryman Office, 142 Nassau Street.

Also with the Committee of Arrangements, and other houses to be hereafter selected. By order of the National Standing Committee.
Feb 14-31.] D. L. JONES, Treasurer.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Princip
M. Segura in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. (Jul 7-1y.)

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

☞ The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

A SAFE MEDICINE.—The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by BRANDRETH'S PILLS, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS.—At the present time, when the counte feits of these celebrated Pills are completely concentrated, it is not surprising to find that they endeavour to get off their stock of spurious pills under any name. It is not the first time that the "poor Indian" has had to father the abortions of cunning men.

The remarkable cures which have been effected by Brandreth's Pills, have astonished the whole medical faculty, many of whom have conceded that they are the greatest blessing that ever was given to the world.

The reason these celebrated Pills have such a universal good effect is because their action harmonizes with the human body.

"Purge out the old leaven that you may have a new lump," is the language of Holy writ, a figure applied spiritually, it is true, but how could it have any application unless confirmed by practical experience in the body of matter? The foundation upon which this figure of Scripture rests is as immovable as the laws which govern the tides, or that occasions the thunders of heaven.

"THE CONDITION."

The condition upon which God has given health to man is a constant care to keep his stomach and bowels free from all morbid or unhealthy accumulations. The means to effect this must be those remedies which cleanse the bowels and purify the blood.

Good healthful medicine is only a species of food; when the animals whose habits we have the means of observing, are sick, they wander through the fields and make selections of those herbs which open their bowels and purify their fluids, which immediately restore their health.

When a dose of Brandreth's Pills are taken they are digested, and pass to every part of the system; but they leave the body when they have effected the intended purpose, and health and vigor are by them insured.

Mineral medicines may enter the system, but they are with difficulty got out again; and they always occasion pain and misery while they remain in the body.

Whereas Brandreth's Pills are as innocent as a piece of bread, and are evacuated with the disease for which they are taken.

From the time we are born to the time we cease to breathe, our bodies are constantly wasting, as constantly building up. The action of the atmosphere wears or wastes them. The food we eat, the digestive organs converts into blood, which renews or builds up by its circulating power. Thus the human body is healthy when the blood circulates freely, and when any thing prevents its free course through the veins, disease commences.

INSANITY.—All diseases, even insanity and irritability of temper, proceed from depraved or corrupt humors, which, circulating with the blood, occasion pain and discord in the human frame. It is clear, that, by perseverance in the use of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, which is one of the very best, and only proper purgative medicine, insanity and irritability of temper can be cured, as well as all other diseases depending upon the pureness of the circulating fluid, the blood.

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Their acknowledged innocence makes them safe through every period of existence, from infancy to old age.

No extra care in either dress or diet is required when they are used.

With this invaluable medicine in our possession, we may visit the most sickly regions without fear. No contagion can by possibility affect us, if we are careful to freely use these Pills.

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ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and a Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street.—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. ☞ A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. (My 24-1y.)

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,
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At this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

☞ The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most effective Miniatures exhibited.

* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus's, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. (Apy.)

THE INMAN EXHIBITION.

AT A MEETING of the General Committee for carrying into effect the exhibition of the works of HENRY INMAN, held at the Rooms of the Art Union, on the evening of Monday, February 9th, 1846, it was, after some forcible and eloquent remarks by Hugh Maxwell, Esq., and Professor Mapes, among other things

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee be tendered to the Art Union and to persons who have loaned and offered the works of Mr. Inman for this Exhibition.

Resolved, That the present Executive Committee be continued in office during the continuance of the exhibition, and that the thanks of this body be tendered to the said Committee for their efforts.

Editors of City papers will confer a favor upon the Committee by publishing these resolutions once, and by giving the accompanying advertisement place for such time as their columns will allow.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS, Chairman.

GEO. BUCKHAM, Secretary.

ETH "INMAN GALLERY."

The Inman Gallery is now open at the Art Union Rooms, No. 322 Broadway, and the Exhibition will continue during four weeks.

Tickets are now ready and may be obtained of the Treasurer, R. B. FOSDICK, No. 352 Broadway, and at the Art Union Gallery, 322 Broadway, or of any member of the Committee.

Season Tickets 50 cents. Single admission 25 cents. Catalogues 12½ cents.

WAR-OFFICE, JAN. 23.—3d Light Drags.—Cornet R Hodgson, from the 16th Light Drags. to be Cornet, v Bruce who exhs. 8th Lt Drags.—Capt R T Hopkins fm h-p unattached to be Capt, v G Brown who exhs; Lt A J Lord Killen to be Capt by pur, v Hawkins, who retires; Lt P B M Wood fm 73d Ft to be Lt by pur, v Lord Killen. 9th Lt Drags.—J H King, Gent to be Cornet by pur, v M'Farlane, prom. 16th Lt Drags.—Cornet G W K Bruce, fm 3d Lt Drags to be Cornet, v Hodgson who exhs. Gren Guards—Ens J Carnegie, from 92d Ft to be Ens and Lt by pur, v Bradford prom. 4th Ft—Ens G Collins to be Lt without pur, v Thomson apptd Adj; Ens C R Wollaston to be Lt without pur, v Collins, whose prom on the 30th July has been cancelled; Lt G L Thomson to be Adj, v Sheppard prom; Serg-Maj W Thorpe to be Ens, v Wollaston. 5th Ft—Lt C Durie to be Capt without pur, v Baker dec; Sec Lt F W L'Estrange to be First Lt, v Durie; Gent Cadet H Monro from the Royal Mil Coll. to be Sec Lt, v L'Estrange. 6th Ft—Lt C B Blaydes from h-p unattached to be Lt, v Ralph prom. 8th Ft W H Macadam Gent to be Ens by pur, v Lyon apptd to the 68th Ft. 9th Ft—Lieut C Elmirst to be Capt by pur, v Brevet-Maj Ogle who rets; Ens W H Foster to be Lt by pur, v Elmirst; H E Fardell, Gent to be Ens, v Forster. 18th Ft—Assist Surg T W Barrow fm 2d Ft to be Assist Surg, v Smith prom. 21st Ft—Sec Lt E Clemison to be First Lt by pur, v Brabazon who rets; E T Barnard Gent to be Sec Lt by pur, v Clemison; Lt J P Stuart to be Adj, v Deare who resigns the Adjcy only. 43d Ft—Ens R H Weyland to be Lt without pur, v A S Bruere dec; Serg-Maj E Dwon to be Ens, v Weyland. 46th Ft: Bvt Maj G de Rottenburg, fm the 60th Ft to be Capt v Mansel who exhs.—53d Ft: Capt J G Ogilvie, from h-p Unatt to be Capt v C Inge, who exhs; Lt C H Fenton, to be Capt by pur v Ogilvie, who rets; Ens F E Tighe to be Lt by pur v Fenton; G J Ashton, Gent to be Ens by pur v Tighe.—57th Ft: Lt I Frost to be Capt without pur v Jackson dec; Ens C G D Annesley to be Lt v Frost.—60th Ft: Capt G P Mansel fm 40th Ft to be Capt v de Rottenburg, who exhs.—64th Ft: J Singleton, Gent to be Ens by pur v Reed, who rets.—68th Ft: Capt M C Trevillian, from h-p 14th Light Drags to be Capt v E Macpherson, who exhs; Lt P Hill to be Capt by pur v Trevillian, who rets; Ens T W Storer to be Lt by pur v Hill; Ens E D Lyon, fm 8th Ft to be Ens v Storer.—69th Ft: Assist Surg J C G Tice, M.D fm the Staff, to be Surg v F O'Brien, who rets upon h-p.—73d Ft: Ens A C Knox to be Lt by pur v Wood, app to the 8th Light Drags; F J T Amiel Gent to Ens by pur v Knox.—80th Ft: D S E Bain, Gent to be Assist Surg v Macnish dec.—88th Ft: Lt E Norton to be Capt by pur v De Butts, who rets; Ens E G Maynard to be Lt by pur v Norton; Gent Cadet H Ernest, fm the Ryl Mil Coll to be Ens without pur v Maynard, prom.—94th Ft: J Lutch, M.D to be Assist Surg v Booth app Med Officer to the Mil Prison at Greenlaw.—Ryl Canadian Rifle Regt.—Bvt Lt Col W H Newton to be Lt Col without pur v Elliott dec; Bvt Maj R Muter to be Maj v Newton; Lt H Munro to be Capt v Muter; Ens and Adj R Macdonnell to have the rank of Lt; Ens J B Geale to be Lt v Munro; H G A Powell, Gent to be Ens v Geale. Staff—Lt J M Mason, from the 24th Ft to be Adj of a Recruiting District, v Cowell prom. Brevet—Capt M C Trevillian of the 68th Ft to be Maj in the Army. Hospital Staff—Assist-Surg G N Foaker from the 43d Foot to be Staff-Surg of the Sec Class, v Brodie. Memorandum—The commission of Lt E S Smyth, as Adj in the 2d Foot, has been antedated to the 16th Dec.

WAR OFFICE, JAN. 30.—2d Drag Gds—Major W Campbell to be Lt-Col by pur v Charlton who rets; Bvt-Mjr P Le Poer French to be Mjr by pur v Campbell; Lt F J Ibbotson to be Capt by pur v Trench; Cor V Carter to be Lt by pur v Ibbotson; E Saunders Gent to be Cor by pur v Carter. 6th Drag Gds—Capt W N Custance fm h-p Unatt to be Capt v J H Dickinson, who ex. 4th Lt Drags—Mjr W Parly to be Lt-Col by pur v Daly who rets; Capt Lord G A F Paget to be Mjr by pur v Parly; Lt G J Brown to be Capt by pur vice Lord G Paget; Cor Lord A Churchill to be Lt by pur v Brown; H N Cholmely Gent to be Cor by pur v Lord A Churchill. 8th Ft—Lt L G Cox fm the Ryl Canadian Rifle Regt to be Lt v Young who ex. 47th Ft—Lt C F Fordyce to be Capt by pur v Caldwell who rets; Ens C C Villiers to be Lt by pur vice Fordyce; Gent Cadet G W Armit fm the Ryl Mil Col to be Ens without pur v Gordon appt to the 80th Ft; T Roper Gent to be Ens by pur v Villiers. 57th Ft—Gent Cadet J Stewart fm the Ryl Mil Col to be Ens without pur v Annesley prom. 68th Ft—Lt H G Wynne to be Capt by pur v Johnston who rets; Ens F C P A Stuart, to be Lt by pur v Wynne; F S Savage Gent to be Ens by pur v Stuart. 79th Ft—G M Miller Gent to be Ens by pur v Robertson who rets. 80th Ft—Lt S T Christie to be Capt without pur v Lightbody dec; Ens B H Boxer to be Lt v Christie; Ens S A Kershaw to be Lt by pur vice Gorman who rets; Ens R C Gordon, fm the 47th Ft to be Ens v Boxer; W D Freeman Gent to be Ens by pur v Kershaw. 99th Ft—Gent Cadet F W Despard fm the Ryl Mil Col to be Ens without pur v DeWinton prom. Ryl Canadian Rifle Regt—Lt G A Young fm the 8th Ft to be Lt v L G Cox who exchanges.

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of Gentlemen, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every attention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satisfactory references will be given and expected.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufacturing in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. T. J. WILLISTON, Nov. 8-ly. No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up Stairs.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES CANADA, &c, FOR 1845, FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE, South Street, corner Maiden Lane. FALO in 36 hours. CLEVELAND in 60 hours. DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days. TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c, CANADA, in 21 to 3 days.

The Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid, W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., No. 10-11.

STATE CONVENTION.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SS.

WE, the Secretary of State, the Comptroller and the Treasurer of the said State, having formed a Board of State Canvassers, and having in conformity to the provisions of the act entitled "An act recommending a Convention of the People of the State," passed May 13, 1845, canvassed and estimated the whole number of votes or ballots given for and against the said proposed "Convention" at a Central Election held in the said State on the fourth day of November, in the year 1845, according to the certified statements of the said votes or ballots received by the Secretary of State, in the manner directed by the said act, do hereby determine, declare and certify, that the whole number of votes or ballots given under and by virtue of the said act was two hundred and forty-seven thousand, one hundred and seventeen; that of the said number, two hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven votes or ballots were given for the said Convention;—That of the said first mentioned number, thirty-three thousand, eight hundred and sixty votes or ballots were given against the said Convention:—And it appearing by the said canvass that a majority of the votes or ballots given as aforesaid are for a Convention, the said canvassers do farther Certify and Declare that a Convention of the people of the said State will be called accordingly; and that an election for Delegates to the said Convention will be held on the last Tuesday day of April, in the year 1846, to meet in Convention at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the first Monday in June, 1846, pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act of the Legislature.

Given under our hands at the Secretary of State's Office, in the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State,
A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller,
BENJAMIN ENOS, Treasurer.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

I certify the preceding to be a true copy of an original certificate of the Board of State Canvassers, on file in this office.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, January 28th, 1846.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the act entitled, "An act recommending a Convention of the People of this State, passed May 13, 1845," an election will be held on the last Tuesday day of April next, in the several cities and counties of this State, to choose Delegates to the Convention to be held pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act and certificate above recited.

The number of Delegates to be chosen in the county of New York will be the same as the number of Members of Assembly from the said county. Respectfully yours,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, February 7, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. VI., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. {c21}

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WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 39 Wall-street.

The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz:—

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the LOAN Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance!

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal; and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be PAID IN CASH if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE in New York.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-ly.

G. B. CLARKE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bandage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Bik Cass Pants (Doeskin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

IF A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

[Mr8-tf.]

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

IF Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My31-tf.

BELL & INGLIS.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

My10-tf.]

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

DAGUERRETYPES.

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal, four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for wanted to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufacturer.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My10-tf.

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,

61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packet ships, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdman, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this Line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not embark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz:—

In England, Messrs. James Bult, Son & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales. Yorkshire District Bank and Branches. Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, if by letter, post-paid, to

JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the different canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates.

Nov.8-tf.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS,
MINIATURE PAINTER.

THOMAS CUMMINGS, JR.,
ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms No. 50 Walker Street.

[dec.6-ly.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices.

Ap. 20 tf.

ROULSTONE'S RIDING SCHOOL,

No. 137 AND 139 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

MR. ROLSTONE has the honour of informing the Public and the Patrons of the Establishment, that the School is now open Day and Evening for Equestrian tuition and Exercise Riding.

Since the close of last Season the School has undergone thorough repair, and is brilliantly lighted with gas.

The School for Ladies is open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. For Gentlemen from April 1st to Oct. 31st from 6 to 8 o'clock A.M., and from Nov. 1st to March 31st from 7 to 10 P.M.

No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

IF Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis.

For terms apply at the School, 137 Mercer Street, between Houston and Prince Street.

Nv15-3m.

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY,

NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons.....	\$15 00	1 Month.....	\$12 00
10 do.....	10 00	20 Rides.....	10 00
4 do.....	5 00	10 do.....	6 00
Single Lessons.....	2 00	Single Rides.....	75
Road do.....	2 50		

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

EVENING CLASS.

12 Lessons.....	\$9 00	20 Rides.....	\$10 00
Single ".....	1 00	Single Rides.....	0 75

RULES.

- 1.—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.
- 2.—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.
- 3.—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.
- 4.—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
- 5.—Hours for Gentlemen, from 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9 P. M.
- 6.—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.
- 7.—Only 3 months allowed for a Course of Lessons or Rides.

N.B.—The School has been refitted and furnished with Stoves. Ladies in delicate health need be under no apprehension of taking cold.

A card of address is requested previous to commencing.

Nov.15-3m.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT,

Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

IF All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My24-ly.

CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.—

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

Aug. 23.—6m.

83 Anthony St. New York.

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleeker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blanwett, members of the consistory.

C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Apgar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23 —6m.

J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

CORNER OF FULTON AND GOLD STREETS.

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats.....	\$12.00
Making and Trimming.....	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants.....	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming.....	1.50 to 2.00
Vests.....	3.00 to 5.00
Making and Trimming.....	1.50 to 2.00

The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug.30-tf.

GREAT CHANGES IN THE COMMERCIAL POLICY OF ENGLAND—REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS—TRIUMPH OF FREE TRADE.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 4.—The steam-ship Cambria, commanded by our excellent and esteemed friend, Captain Judkins, takes out to-day the most important and gratifying intelligence that ever left the shores of Britain. Sir Robert Peel—England's powerful and brilliant Minister—has developed his future commercial policy. It is at once simple and comprehensive; and under its operation the exchange of commodities between this country and the United States will be carried to an extent, and will be mutually productive of advantages, greater—to quote, not irreverently, the words of the sacred volume—"than the eye hath yet seen, or the heart hath conceived." The new scheme embraces, with a full sense of their importance, the principles of free-trade—repudiates all protection for commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; admits corn, duty free, at the end of three years, with a scale, in the interim, which will probably oscillate between four and six shillings per quarter, and at once admits Indian corn and buck wheat free of all duty whatever. To the details of this great measure we earnestly entreat the attention of our commercial readers. We beg to refer to the speech itself, and to our remarks upon it. Great Britain at the present moment, is in a blaze of excitement; men talk and think of nothing else; they have set their hearts upon securing the great scheme, for the regeneration of the country, which the Premier has laid before Parliament, and they desire to curtail the period fixed for the total extinction of the Corn-laws. The friends of peace and progression, on this side of the water, hope—earnestly and sincerely hope—that the new policy will bind America to us by the ties of amity, brotherhood, and interest, and that the miserable squabbling about a barren waste will give way to more liberal, civilized, and comprehensive views.

The immediate effects of the new tariff on the most prominent articles of American exports we have noticed elsewhere. Altogether the subject, in various phases, is the most important that ever crossed the Atlantic since the introduction of ocean navigation; and all that is now wanting is for the Government and people of the United States to meet us in a kindred spirit, and in the true spirit of commerce and of friendship; forget the past, and run a generous race of mutual happiness and prosperity for the future.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 4.—The commercial intelligence which goes out by this packet is necessarily of a meagre and unsatisfactory kind. A state of transition is, of all others, the most unfavorable for the regular requirements of trade; for the uncertainty which precedes the change unhinges the operations alike of buyer and seller, of exporter and importer.

The new policy of the United States, as indicated in the report of the American Secretary of State, has commanded much attention in the British Parliament. Sir Robert Peel spoke highly of the report in the great speech in which he introduced the new Tariff; and, subsequently, at the request of Lord Montague, the Government consented to reprint the document, and place it on the tables of both Houses of Parliament—an honor which was probably never awarded to any similar document before. All these facts prove the desire which the British Government has to make our future relations with the United States as amicable and business-like as possible.

The markets, as we before stated, are all, more or less, affected by the Premier's financial *expose*; and business can hardly be expected to resume its healthy tone, until it is known whether the measure will pass or be rejected—whether there will be a dissolution of Parliament this year or next.

The intelligence which has come to hand from the United States, shows the angry discussions which have taken place in Congress; but the Cotton market has not been touched by it. Pacific people here, connected by business relations with America, express wonder that Mr. John Quincy Adams, the steady and consistent friend of peace, should have shown the effects of age on an otherwise vigorous intellect, by pandering to the prejudices and policy of the war party. Notwithstanding the bluster which is uttered in Congress, people here cannot bring themselves seriously to contemplate a war about the Oregon; it appears too absurd for serious attention. Nevertheless, it is in the power of hasty and intemperate people to precipitate matters beyond the possibility of redemption. The mention of the Oregon dispute in the British Parliament contrasts strikingly with the wordy warfare of American Senators and Members of the House of Representatives. Sturdy Republicans might take, in this respect, an example of forbearance and gentlemanly deportment from the speeches of Mr. Hume, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell, on the second night of the session.

ALTERATIONS OF DUTIES ON AMERICAN PRODUCE.—The British Ministry propose to make important reductions on many of the articles exported from America to England. We hope to see a similar spirit manifested by the Cabinet at Washington. The alterations comprise:—

	Previous Duty.	Reduced to
Bacon	14s per cwt	Free
Beef, fresh	8s per cwt	Free
Beef, salted	8s per cwt	Free
Hay	16s per load	Free
Hides	2d per lb	Free
Meat	8s per cwt	Free
Pork	8s per cwt	Free
Buckwheat		1s per quarter.
Butter	20s per cwt	10s per cwt
Candles—Tallow	10s per cwt	5s per cwt
Cheese	10s 6d per cwt	5s per cwt
Clocks	20 per cent	10 per cent
Hams	14s per cwt	7s per cwt
Hops	90s per cwt	45s per cwt
Indian Corn	heavy duty	1s per quarter.
Rice	6s per cwt	1s per quarter.
Tallow	3s 2d per cwt	1s per cwt

There are many other articles manufactured by the American artisan which may be exported to England with advantage, provided this new Tariff is fully carried out.

The London Money Market was rather tight, and the quotations for stocks tended downwards.

It is said that after the resignation of Lord Lyndhurst, which is likely soon to take place, Sir R. Peel intends dividing the political from the judicial functions, by which the office of Lord Chancellor will cease to be affected by the ministerial changes.

Lord Morpeth has given his name to a document prepared by the Peace Society, recommending addresses from merchants and other classes in this coun-

try, to similar classes in the United States, in favor of perpetual amity, and the reference of all points of misunderstanding to the arbitration of disinterested nations.

It appears from a published list of the railway plans deposited at the Private Bill office and House of Lords, up to the 31st December, that not fewer than 549 of the lines provisionally registered have been abandoned by their projectors.

Fresh foreign beef, or beef slightly salted, is in future to be allowed to be shipped duty free as stores under the usual regulations. This is the decision of the revenue authorities.

A letter from Rome states, that the emperor Nicholas, during his stay there, bestowed enormous sums in gratuities. On quitting the Vatican he left a sum of 12,000 Roman crowns for the domestics.

The use of diseased potatoes in Ireland by the destitute poor is becoming as was expected, a frightful source of fever and disease. A fearful increase in the number of fever patients has taken place in the hospital of Fermoy.

The tide of Emigration continues to flow towards Algeria. Upwards of 10,000 colonists have been embarked at Toulon for Algeria within the last three months. A considerable number have come from Spain, the Balearic Isles, and Malta.

The demolition of the British Queen steamer in the Basin at Antwerp is proceeding with much activity.

It is stated that her Majesty will visit Holland in May or June next.

INCREASE OF THE ARMY.—It is currently rumoured in military circles that the army will be increased 14,000 men, by the addition of two companies to each infantry and two troops to each cavalry regiment. Three commissioned officers, a captain, and two subalterns will be appointed to each of these companies and troops.

INCREASE OF THE NAVY.—Her majesty's government having resolved to increase the navy, a number of districts have been selected where rendezvous are established for entering volunteers. Lieut. J. Stone has been appointed to that at Hull; Lieut. W. Pitt, to the one at Leith; Lieut. R. Tucker, to one at South Shields; Lieut. W. W. Eyton, to one at North Yarmouth; Lieut. J. Steward (b), to one at Dundee; and Lieut. C. T. Hill; to one at Glasgow.

The aggregate amount of subscriptions to the Quarter of a million League Fund, so far as they have been communicated to the officers in Manchester, already exceeds the sum of £160,000. This extraordinary subscription has been raised in about five weeks.

Mr. McLane, the American minister at the Court of St. James, had an interview with the Earl of Aberdeen, on the 29th ult., at Argyll House. The conference lasted nearly two hours.

Large contracts for railway iron have been recently made, at as high a rate as £13 per ton.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The despatches, by extraordinary express, in anticipation of the bi-monthly mail from India and China, reached London on the 19th ult. via Marseilles. The dates are Calcutta, Dec 7; Bombay, Dec. 15.

The political news is not important. No collision had taken place on the Sutlej. The Sikh troops had approached the frontier, but had made no further demonstration.

The Governor-general and Sir H. Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, met on the 26th of November, the former is said to have suspended the forward movements of the latter, and is supposed to have opened negotiations. If his terms were not promptly complied with it was supposed that he would himself commence immediate operations.

A great portion of the Sikh force is said to have left Lahore, and to have encamped about five miles from that city. They had expressed their intention to cross the Sutlej, between Roopur and Ferozapore but it was not expected that those intentions would be carried into effect. The Governor-General, however, was fully prepared for action, let the demand come from whatever quarter it might. Orders have been received at Meerut for every regiment, excepting the 51st Native Infantry, to hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The impression in the camp of the Governor-General was, that though nothing was certain in the present unsettled state of affairs, appearances forebode a warlike character. The news from China is unimportant.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, Jan 9.—4th Drag Gds—Assist Surg J Innes, fm the 78th Ft, to be Assist Surg v Adolphus, appointed to the 75th Ft. 8th Lt Drags—Coronet the Hon S F Carew to be Lt by pur, v Pakenham, who rets; W Davis, gent to be Cornet, by pur, v Carew. 75th Regt of Ft—Assist Surg E Adolphus, MD from the 4th Drag Gds, to be Assist Surg v Courtney, promoted on the Staff.

3d West India Regt—F J Byrne, gent to be Ens, without pur, v W H Carr, dismissed the service, by the sentence of a General Court martial.

Memorandum—The Christian names of Ens Lamert, of the 17th Ft, are G Fead.

WAR-OFFICE, 16th Jan.—1st Drag Gds—Lt J Foster, fm 83d Ft to be Lt v Sir R Gethin, who exch 12th Lt Drags—Coronet T C Maunsell to be Lt by pur, v Mulcaster, who rets; T G A Oakes, Gent to be Cornet, by pur v Maunsell. 2d Regt of Ft—Lt E S Smyth to be Adj v Addison pro 52d Ft—Major R French to be Lt-Col without pur v W Blois, who rets upon full-pay; Capt C W Forester to be Major, v French; Capt F Andrews, from half-pay 45th Ft, to be Capt v Forester; Lt C G Fountaine to be Capt by pur, v Andrews, who rets; Ensign W F Riley to be Lt by pur, v Fountaine; G C Sygne, Gent to be Ens, by pur, v Riley. 70th Ft—Capt C A H Rumbolt, from the 1st West India Regt to be Capt v Dickson, who exch 74th Ft—J Jago, Gent to be Ensign, by pur v Sleeman, who rets 82d Ft—C J Harford, Gent to be Ens, by pur, v Lloyd, who rets 83d Ft—Lt Sir R Gethin, Bart fm 1st Drag Gds, to be Lt v Foster, who exch; T G L C Gwyne, Gent to be Ens, by pur, v Campbell, whose appointment has been cancelled.

1st West India Regt—Capt C S Dickson, fm 70th Ft, to be Capt v Rumbolt, who exchanges.

2d West India Regt—T Kehoe, M D, to be Assist-Surg v Richardson, deceased.

Unatt.—To be Capt without pur—Lt N Horsley, from the 96th Ft; Lt and Adj L Cowell, fm the Liverpool Recruiting District.

Brevet—Capt F Andrews, of the 52nd Ft, to be Major in the Army.

[For the Remainder of the Army News see page 430.]

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